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— THE WORLD'S NEWS IN PICTURES

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Volume CCXXX No. 2990

The SPHERE, London, July 20, 1957

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

"CONSTANT ENDEAVOUR"—A NEW STAINED-GLASS WINDOW TO MARK THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF COASTAL COMMAND : It has been erected at the Coastal Command headquarters of the R.A.F. at Northwood, Middlesex. Looking at the window are the men mainly responsible for its erection. They are Air Vice-Marshal C. E. Chilton and 22-year-old Norman R. Attwood (formerly a National Service aircraftman). The motto "Constant Endeavour" is at the base of the window.

The stained-glass window at the Coastal Command headquarters was unveiled last Saturday by Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, who was the first C.-in-C. of the Command during the war. It has been erected on a staircase in an inner main hall to mark the twenty-first anniversary of the establishment of the Command as well as to commemorate achievements, particularly the Battle of the Atlantic, during the Second World War. The suggestion for the window was put forward by Air Vice-Marshal C. E. Chilton, Senior Air Staff Officer at Coastal Command H.Q., now A.O.C., Malta, designate, and it was designed by Mr. Norman R. Attwood, of Buckhurst Hill, Essex. The central figure of the window is an airman in flying kit who is seen flashing a recognition signal to the guardian ship of a convoy. He is standing on some of the weapons used in attacks on shipping. Although the window is primarily in honour of Coastal Command, the Royal Navy and the Mercantile Marine are commemorated by their ensigns and badges. There are about 700 pieces in the window, which is composed of English hand-blown glass.

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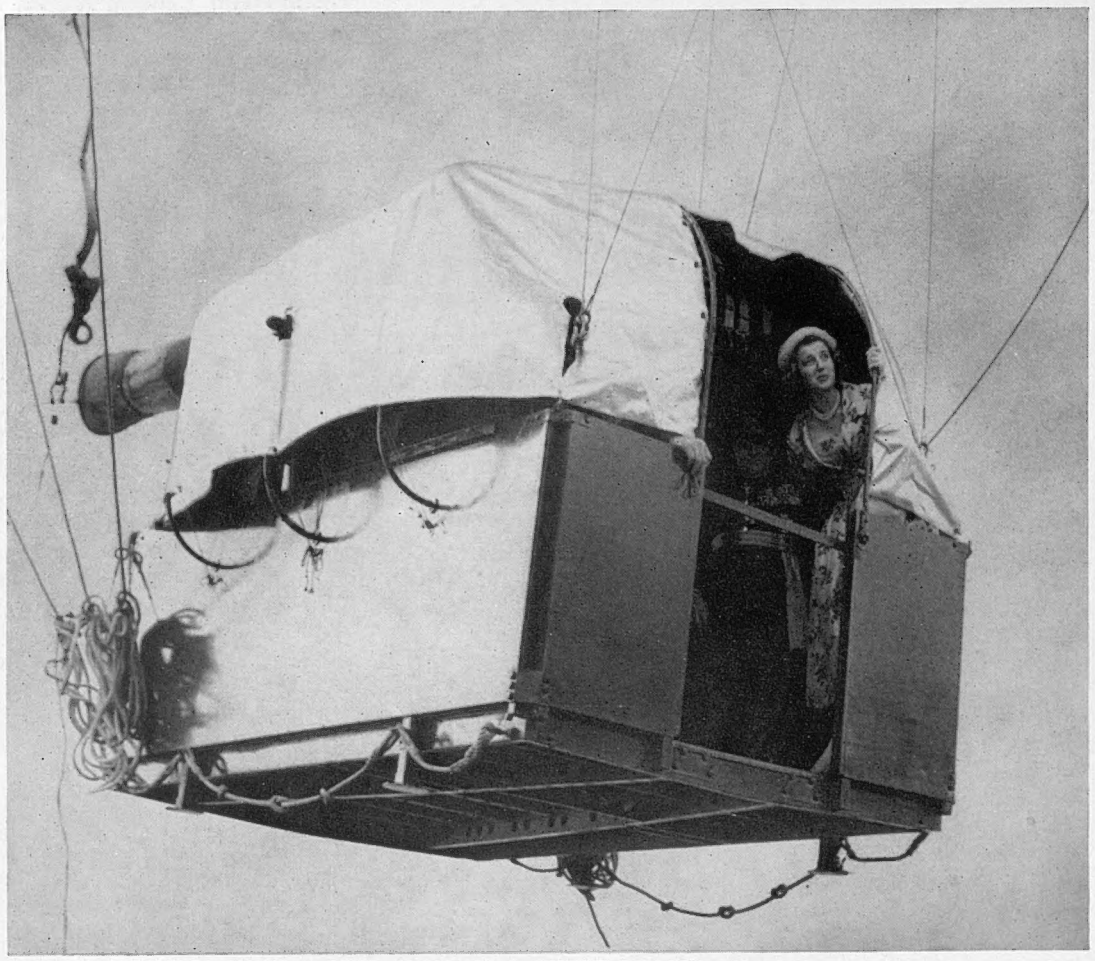

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA MAKES A BRIEF ASCENT IN A CAPTIVE BALLOON : She looks out from the cage above the R.A.F. Station at Abingdon, Berkshire. The Princess went up 20 ft. during her visit to No. 1 Parachute Training School. She ascended no higher because of the possibility of storms and lightning.

A GARDEN-PARTY IN THE GROUNDS OF MARLBOROUGH HOUS... fair and garden-party which was held at Marlborough ... Marie Curie Memorial foundation. The Duchess visit...

A London Newslette...

195-198, STRAND, W.C...

Business Done.—The Premiers have departed. Their conference is over. The exchange of views was widespread and helpful. Mr. Macmillan enhanced his prestige. The new entry, from Ghana, and Canada in particular, received pats on the back. Helpful, yes; fruitful? We were left in ignorance by the final communiqué, meticulously drafted, and as empty as a new drum, full of sound and nothing else. But Mr. Macmillan came later to the microphone to assure us that it was very much worth while. Such communiqués, customary as they are, tend to minimise, not pinpoint, the value of these meetings and confirm a growing opinion that they need not be annual events. Whether they should invariably be held in London is a moot point. For all the Premiers, time is in short supply. It is difficult to feel that the paragraph on Hungary as drafted was other than a polite truckling to a minority view (or veto). As the British Commonwealth's considered verdict on the U.N. report, it suggests a glass of milk and water for a weak and senile old man. For the rest, the communiqué and Mr. Macmillan's broadcast seemed to conclude that, while united in a desire to establish peace and security, the member nations nowadays formulate and pursue their separate policies, perhaps with increasing understanding of each other's interests, and that it is a feather in their caps that they can meet amicably round a table. Mr. Diefenbaker, returning pat for pat, told Canada that the conference had been very successful. To sum up: the absence of proof of Commonwealth solidarity on any subject whatever beyond the universal desire to establish world peace and security, is at least clear proof that the Commonwealth to-day is a changed, if still a unique, institution, and we are assured that its virtues and advantages make it precious and a No. 1 loyalty to all its members.

Kremlin Split.—With all the help I can get from students of Russian politics, I remain a little Peterkin and ask the eternal question "What good came of it at last?" When Khrushchev debunked Stalin and the cult of personality, we were led to expect a general easement in our relations with Russia and a swift liberalisation and relaxation of the Kremlin's grip on the satellites and a gentling of bureaucratic tyranny in Russia. And we saw some signs of it quite soon, though some of the old guard —the Stalin right-hand men, the old Bolsheviks—still survived into the reign of Bulganin and Khrushchev. Moreover, these two new leaders, in a series of royal progresses to foreign courts and governments, showed themselves so tough and uncompromising and tactless on occasions, that we seemed to have the Stalin "mixture as before." When the time came to deal with Hungary, the old and the new Stalinists clearly closed their ranks, and the world was shocked by an example of Stalinism *in excelsis*. Perhaps the world's horrified reaction has led to the new purge. Perhaps Liberalism is to be tried again (with safeguards). If so, what we know of Khrushchev presents to the West a fearful and wonderful instrument for liberalising and gentling Kremlin policy and diplomacy. None know better than the Kremlin leaders of the day that if they yield an inch at home or abroad, an ell will be asked of them. The debunking of Stalin certainly awoke in Russia itself among its intellectuals and workers alike a demand for liberalisation and relaxation of controls and we know how it affected Poland and Hungary. And when Hungary asked for more, she certainly got it, on the Stalin scale. The question remains unanswered what effect the new purge will have for all sorts and conditions of men, for Russians inside Russia, for satellites, for the Western democracies. Which of these groups will have the courage to ask for more or the faith to expect more in the way of liberalisation, co-operation or even civilised behaviour? It is odd to reflect that old Molotov, lord of the veto, the toughest of Stalin's disciples, will be remembered by us as one of the very few Kremlin leaders capable of occasionally revealing the civilised behaviour of the old diplomacy. I incline to think that the new purge is but one more phase in the eternal battle for power inside the Kremlin.

"That Same Day . . . "—I confess that the amicable exchanges between Premier and Mr. Gaitskell following the announcement of pay-increases for M.P.s, junior Ministers, Opposition leader and nationalised industries' bosses, made me quite sick, and a quotation from Holy Writ came into my mind: "And that same day Pilate and Herod were made friends together: for before they were at enmity between themselves." Small wonder; but some of us may be pardoned if we see in this unanimous measure of self-help another great betrayal. Some of us have had no regular pay rises. Some of us are tired of waiting for relief from crippling taxation, tired of being the economic whipping boys and pariahs. We wonder if there could have been a less propitious time for Ministers, M.P.s and the bosses of the nationalised industries to help themselves and give a lead to further confident demands for more pay from the "privileged" classes. The nationalised industries constantly cost more in goods and services and give us no better. The partial truce in pay-claims is broken by our rulers before it has well begun. There is a cynicism, a shamelessness, a thick-skinned effrontery about this sorry business that must impress the untouchables, the classes which no government is prepared to relieve, to help or even to save from extinction; and for my part, I see in Mr. Macmillan the very moral of the old-time, dyed-in-the-wood Conservative Premier who thinks "the world went very well then," that the old order and pattern will last his time, that all this talk of social justice, equality, and so on, is just punk, and perhaps that a fresh crop of recommendations for baronetcies for M.P.s in the New Year Honours will set the seal on a fine old Tory administration and lead to another term of power. Some of the untouchables disagree and time will prove the limits of their patience. Mr. Macmillan was sent to No. 10 to combat inflation, not to encourage it.

"Still Amateurs?"—POOH-BAH (*a no... of the highest rank*): "My family pride is so... inconceivable. I struggle hard to overcome it. I a... minion! It revolts me . . . but I do it." NANK... "And it does you credit" (*passes him a tip*). POO... "Another insult and, I think, a light one." Gilbe... anticipated a debate in the Lords seventy-two years ... When the Government pledged itself to present pro... for Lords reform, the idea of some payment for me... of a reformed House was accepted as reasonable. ... members elected would be expected to attend in a ... regularly as in the Lower House to conduct a ... function. For decades the attendance of peers ... Lords has seldom exceeded an eighth of its membe... If as much as a quarter of its membership attended ... would be chaos and uncomfortable standing-room. ... But the expenses grant now approved is not confi... the gallant 100 who have done the job very adeq... Any backwoodsman passing through London can ... in" and claim a day's pay of 3 guineas. Their lor... are naturally touchy about criticism, but that seems ... the right of it, as Lord Home comprehended it on ... We may hope for a welcome revival of interest in ... affairs from 700 hereditary legislators, especially ... those who find the receipts from public admission t... show-houses falling off. There is still a lot to b... for the Lords and for being a lord. But oh, lord... long? The proposals for reform are still or again pro... but before the event Mr. Macmillan has decided that ... justice requires a whole-hog recognition of the cla... this depressed class.

Inflation for Ever.—Is it surprising th... have come to believe that this Government has neith... will nor the plan to combat inflation; and that inf... is our fate for years to come? We see the signs: ... consols stand below 50, war loan 3½ per cent. at ... lowest ever. Long since, those who have care of wi... and orphans' trust funds have preferred the ris... industrial deferred shares to the certainty of lo...

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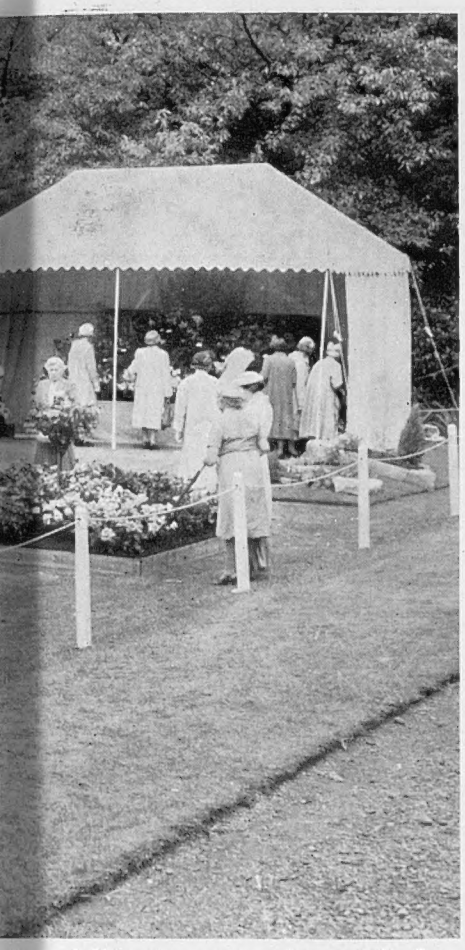
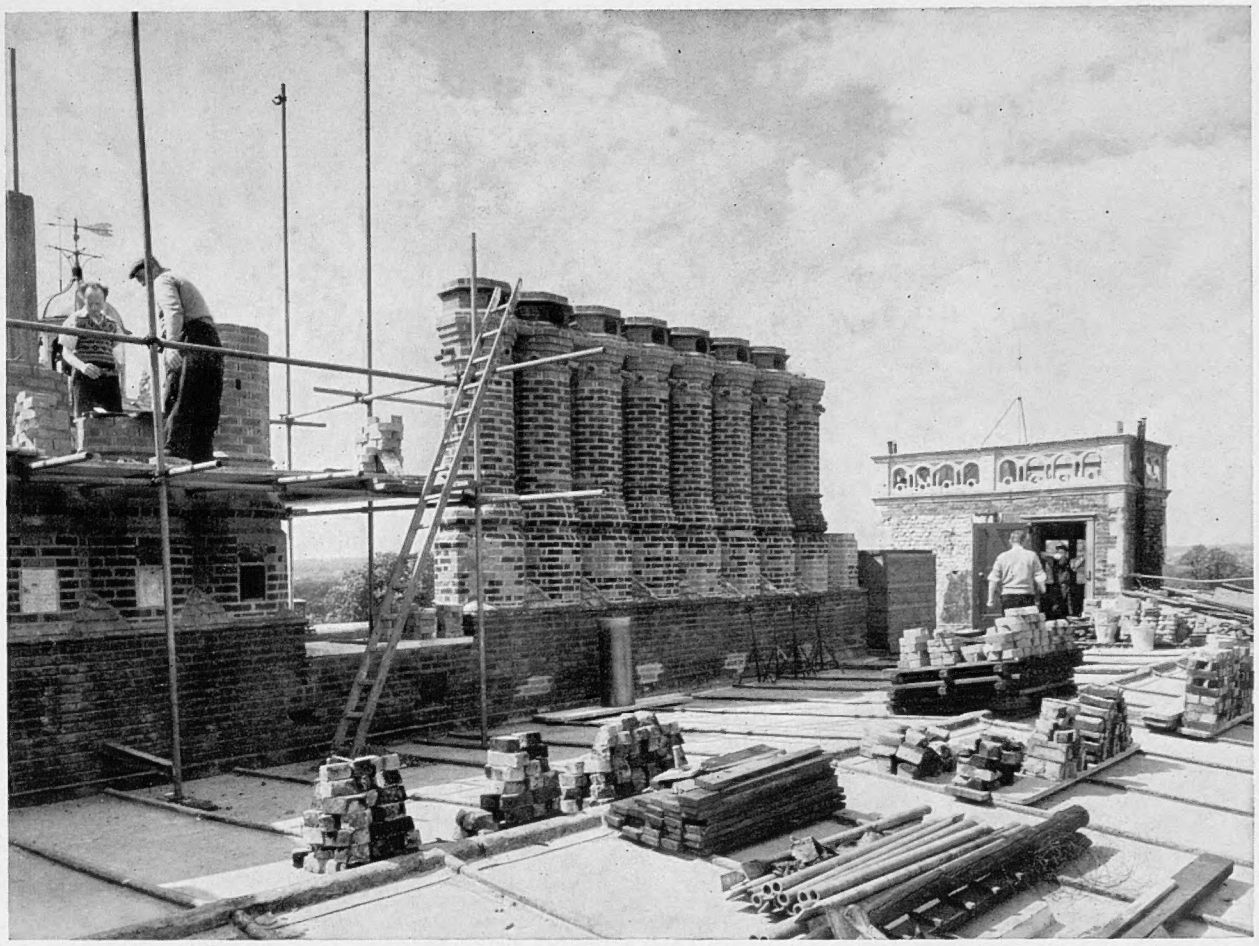


ıchess of Gloucester spent an hour at the flower permission of the Queen. It was in aid of the alls accompanied by officials of the foundation.



REBUILDING THE CHIMNEYS OF HISTORIC HATFIELD HOUSE, IN HERTFORDSHIRE: One of the new stacks is seen in the centre. On left, workmen are laying the bricks for another. The chimneys are being rebuilt because their fabric had fallen into a bad state of repair. Hatfield, the home of the Marquess of Salisbury, is one of Britain's finest Jacobean mansions.

ilt-edged, and the " trustee security " clause in new ettlements is a dead letter. We look to the autumn nd cast the horoscope of our new domestic budgets. Telephone and postal charges will go up. Coal will be astly more expensive and every service based on coal; reights, fares, electricity, gas, and a score more of oods and services, will wipe out the salary gains of ne privileged and make a final nonsense of the resources f the unprivileged. And this was the chosen moment o raise the nationalised industry bosses to the five-figure nark ! A clear presumption that hitherto we have not aid enough to buy " the best brains." Time was when nen were rewarded after they had achieved a measure f success, not bribed to have a stab at success. And his the time to set an example in restraint by increasing he salaries of those who make our laws and of increasing he overhead of our inflated bureaucracy instead of lashing it. Economy in public spending ! A million etrenched here and there is trumpeted as an achieve- nent which is offset before it is operative by bonuses, ot where the shoe pinches most but where most votes nay be caught. There is no hope of a national policy o meet our danger. No hope of co-operation between Governments and T.U.C. No hope for the oppressed, lthough Tory and Socialist bid for their favour with nflationary promises of a carefree old age. Small vonder if we take inflation for granted and discount vhatever promises are offered in advance. For what roker to-day would discount a promised pound at a etter rate than 7s. 6d. ?

Armchair Sportsman.—I always have en- oyed in July the apex weeks of our sporting carnival. Vhen I toiled in London, I bought every edition of the vening papers, hurried late to Wimbledon, played uant at Lord's, watched the tape for the latest " open " eturns and managed at least one day at Henley. Now, n old age, science comes to my aid, and for a week or o every summer, I become a TV addict. How pleasant, n a darkened room, with a cool breeze from the garden lowing in over the downs, to watch in shirt-sleeves ne fearful energies of these young gladiators on swelter- ng courts and fields and courses and to realise in comfort vith something tinkling in a glass beside one) what it neans to-day to be an ace. What a long way young Miss Truman, who had gone so far already, has still o go to come on terms with the finished ace who still an make her appear the amateur of the vicarage tennis arty. What sterner test of endurance could be con- eived than was seen in Cooper's victory over Fraser ? Vhat last ounce of resolution was wanting in the erformances of Graveney or Worrell or Smith and the piling West Indians, in the winners at Henley and St. ndrews ? I often say harsh and petulant things about ne discoveries of science. Let me praise it for once. provides an old and armchair sportsman with an xcellent substitute in the dog days for the " real thing " hich entails hot journeys and long queues and grid- on conditions. And let me salute the ace gladiators, raveney and Locke, Hoad and Miss Gibson, Leadley nd Davidge, and all the gallant runners-up. They need to be tough, and tough they are. For my part, I sympathise with Hoad in his negotiations to turn professional. He 's in the fashion. Others with fine titles have gladly abandoned amateur status for a mere pittance. £45,000 is a tidy salary for two years' work—more than twice the bribe required to tempt our " best brains " to rescue from bankruptcy our nationalised industries. After so severe a training, and tests so gruelling, I should certainly take the cash and let the credit of being an amateur and winning the championship again go to some other worthy aspirant.

Carnival Fortnight.—Well, they are history now, those two crowded weeks at the end of June and the beginning of July when Britain plays host to the world's sporting aces, and I agree very heartily with those who put in a plea for spreading the load of fun and interest over a longer period. Those of us who are not football fans, but take a keen interest in summer sports, have a dull time of it for most of the year, and when our burning minute comes, it passes all too soon in the confusion of plethora. I never can understand why the Open, Wimbledon and Henley, with perhaps a Test Match, must all be squeezed into ten days in June and July so that the rest of the summer becomes a desert and a bathos. No doubt, TV, as I have said, does something to enable us to be in four places at once, but it does the job very piecemeal and confusingly, as it switches from thrill to thrill and can sustain our interest in no one of them for long. Perhaps there are reasons why the aces can't spare us more than a fortnight. If so, we might try for a concession at some international conference, though it would be hard bargaining. If the load could be spread, it might be a relief to radio and TV fans who take no interest whatever in any sport and resent a fortnight composed of *dies non.*

THE OLD STAGER

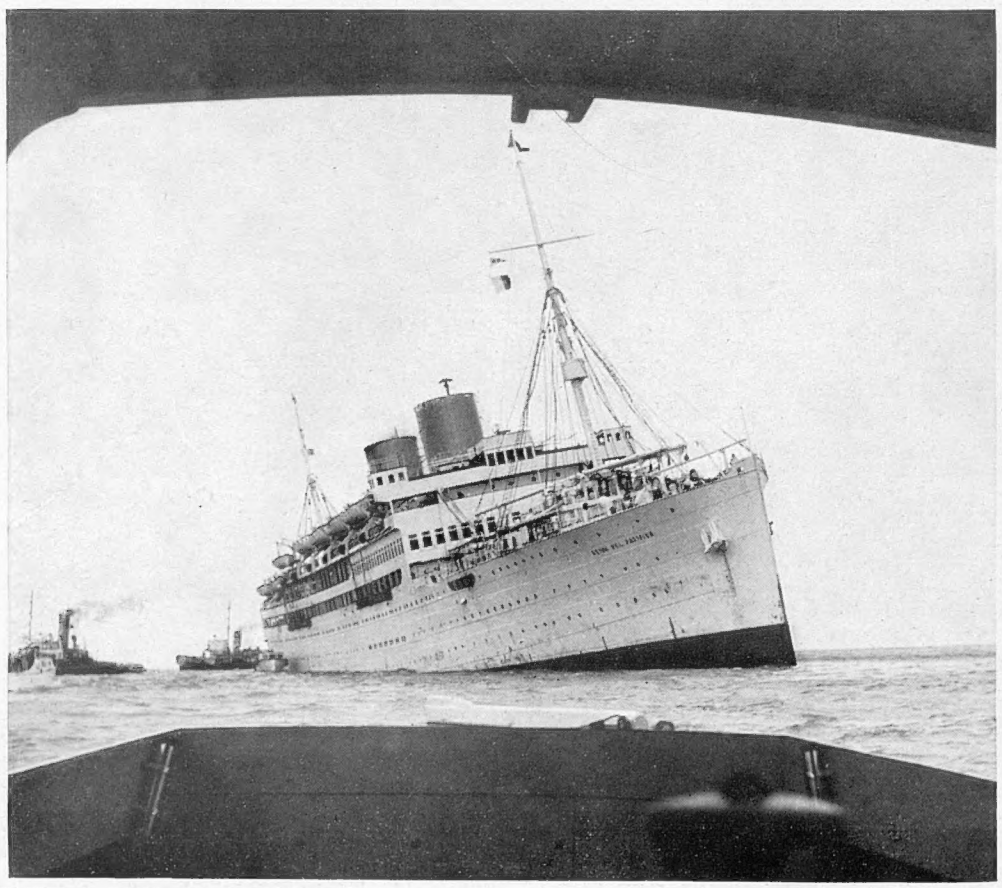
BRITISH RAILWAYS GOES CONTINENTAL: The unusual scene at Euston Station was photographed during the heat-wave, when the temperature soared to the nineties. The Londoner's constant lament for more open-air cafés when the weather chances to be good was satisfied by British Railways, although the result could hardly be described as eating in the fresh air. The tables and sunshades were set up between platforms 12 and 13.

HARD AGROUND ON CORAL REEFS: Tugs go to the assistance of the 17,872-ton British liner *Reina del Pacifico*, which had gone aground on reefs 5½ miles off Bermuda. She was refloated after 86 hours and, following an inspection by divers, resumed her voyage to England, where she is expected to arrive on July 24. The ship is to have a thorough examination.

HARD AGROUND FOR 86 HOURS

The British Liner "Reina del Pacifico" Runs Aground on Reefs off Bermuda

As soon as the first attempts by tugs to free the stranded British liner *Reina del Pacifico* had failed, arrangements were made to fly salvage equipment from London to Bermuda. She was not taking water and the passengers were informed that the ship was "quite safe and in no danger." Her cargo was unloaded into barges to help with the refloating operations which were carried out at high tide; fuel was pumped off by a naval oiler and the passengers were taken ashore by tender. Some of the passengers then decided to finish the journey to Britain by air. When the liner was eventually refloated she was taken back to Bermuda, where divers made an inspection of her hull. This inspection revealed that there were no holes or noticeable dents and a certificate of seaworthiness was issued so that she could proceed on her way. Her cargo, fuel and water were reloaded and the liner set sail for Europe. She had been stranded for 86 hours. The *Reina del Pacifico* is owned by the Pacific Steam Navigation Company.



WHEN A LINER GOES AGROUND: *Left*—The *Reina del Pacifico*, listing to starboard and with tugs in attendance, is seen from another vessel. *Right*—Passengers are walking towards a tender to go ashore for a day's sightseeing. At the time of the mishap the liner was heading out to sea after leaving Bermuda on her way to Spain and England. Her bow became firmly wedged between two shoals and she developed the 10-degree list to starboard. She had nearly 1,000 passengers and crew on board.

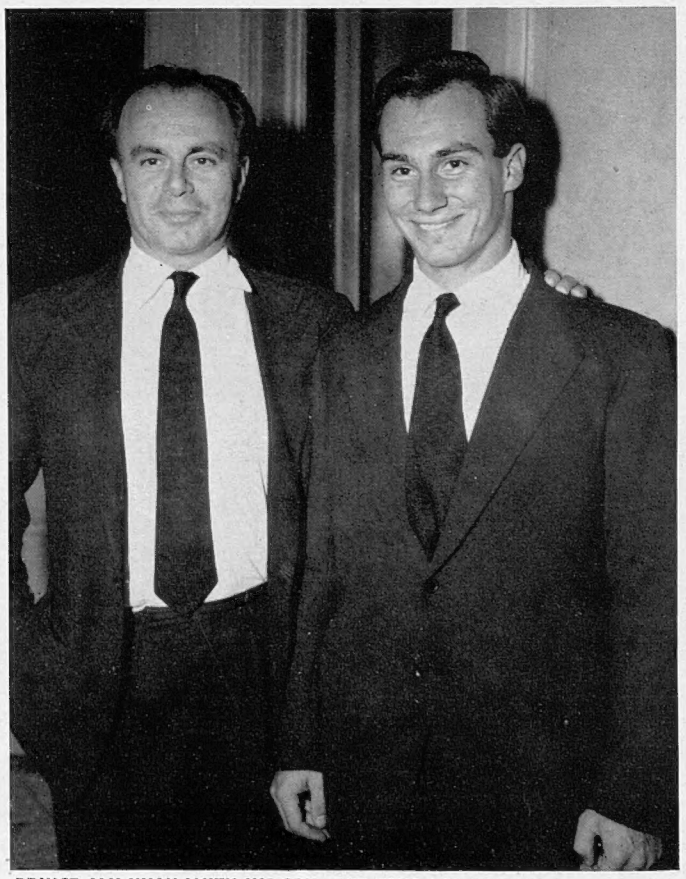
THE NEW AGA KHAN SITS WITH MEMBERS OF THE ISMAILI MOSLEM COMMUNITY AFTER THE PROCLAMATION CEREMONY AT HIS LATE GRANDFATHER'S VILLA AT VERSOIX, NEAR GENEVA, IN SWITZERLAND: Karim is the elder son of Aly Khan and his first wife, the former Mrs. Loel Guinness. He is nineteen years old and a student at Harvard where he "rooms" with John Stevenson, son of the Democratic candidate at the last Presidential Election.

THE AGA KHAN IV

Prince Karim Succeeds His Grandfather as Leader of the Moslem Ismailis

THE LATE AGA KHAN WITH THE BEGUM—A PICTURE TAKEN AT ASCOT IN 1955: The Right Hon. the Aga Sultan Sir Mahomed Shah, third holder of the title Aga Khan, died at Villa Barakat, Versoix, on Thursday of last week after a long illness.

PRINCE SADRUDDIN, SECOND SON OF THE LATE AGA KHAN, WITH HIS FIANCEE MISS NINA DYER: Plans for their wedding, which was to take place last Monday, were postponed until August 27.

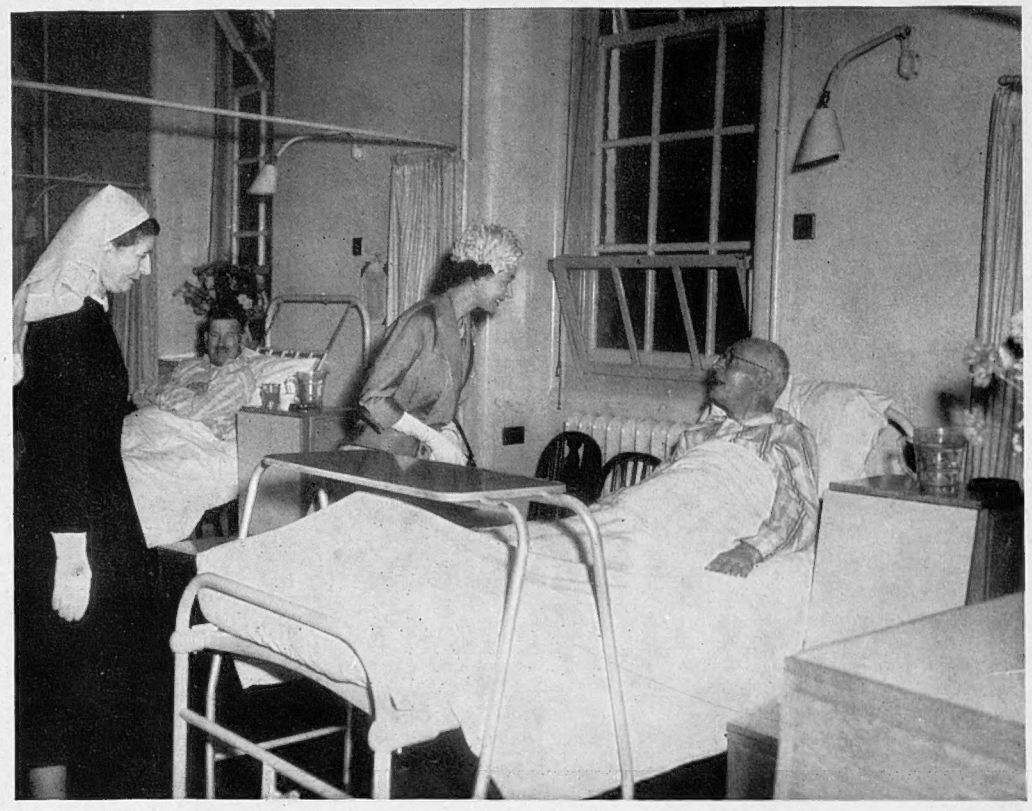


PRINCE ALY KHAN WITH HIS SON, THE NEW AGA KHAN: Karim does not share his father's and grandfather's interest in horse-racing and it has been stated that Prince Aly Khan will continue to race under the late Aga Khan's famous colours of green and chocolate.

There was some surprise at the communiqué which announced Prince Karim's succession as Imam of the Shiah Moslem Ismaili community. In his will, the late Aga Khan wrote: "In view of the fundamentally altered conditions in the world in very recent years, due to the great changes which have taken place, including the discoveries of atomic science, I am convinced that it is in the best interests of the Shiah Moslem Ismaili community that I should be succeeded by a young man who has been brought up and developed during recent years in the midst of the new age and who brings a new outlook on life to his office as Imam." At a short ceremony, which took place at Versoix last Sunday, the new Aga Khan was presented to members of his sect by the Begum. He made a short speech in which he announced "My religious responsibilities begin to-day." The lying-in-state of his grandfather was expected to take place last Tuesday at the Villa Barakat, on Lake Geneva, after which the body was to be flown to Egypt and buried at Aswan in the mausoleum near the palace built by the late Aga Khan, who was in his eightieth year when he died of heart failure. The Aga Khan III was one of the best-known figures on the English turf and as such was familiar to the general public. But his interests and influence were far more serious and he had been prominent in international affairs for many years. Indian by adoption, he was Persian by descent and in direct line from Fatima, daughter of the Prophet Mohamed. He succeeded to the title in 1885 at the age of eight, and towards the end of the last century was entertained by Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. The Ismaili sect, estimated to number about 12,000,000, is mainly distributed over Asia and Africa. Leading Ismailis assembled in Geneva when they heard of the Aga Khan's death.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

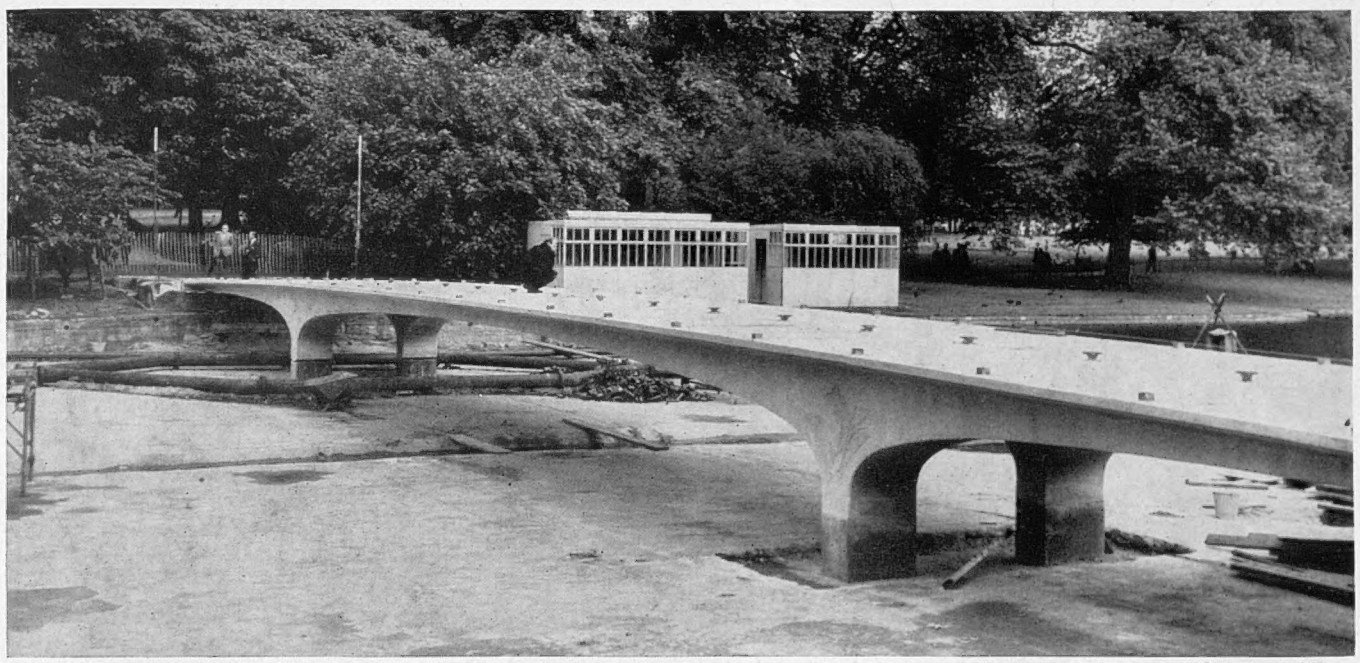
THE QUEEN IS ESCORTED BY HER COUSIN, THE DUKE OF KENT, A SUBALTERN IN THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS, AT CATTERICK CAMP: Her Majesty was paying an informal visit, with the Duke of Edinburgh, to three regiments of The Royal Scots Greys, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief. The regiments are the Royal Scots Greys, the 16th/5th The Queen's Royal Lancers, and the 7th Royal Tank Regiment.

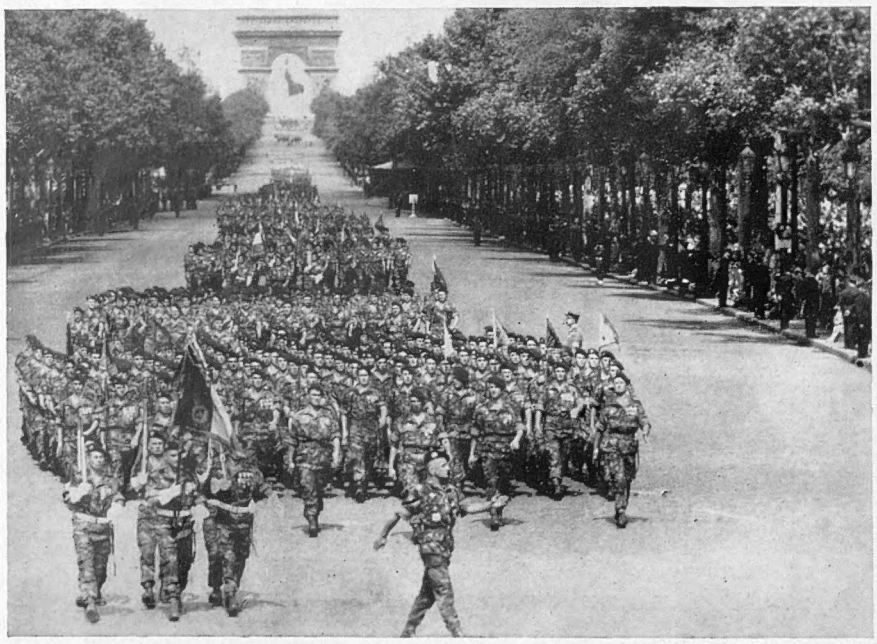


THE ROYAL VISIT TO CHESTER: The Queen talks to a sixty-nine-year-old patient in the surgical ward of the Chester Royal Infirmary. While in Chester the Queen also visited the Town Hall and the new County Hall, and addressed 700 officers and men of The Cheshire Regiment. Heavy rain did not discourage crowds of onlookers who slowed up the Royal car while it made its way to Port Sunlight.

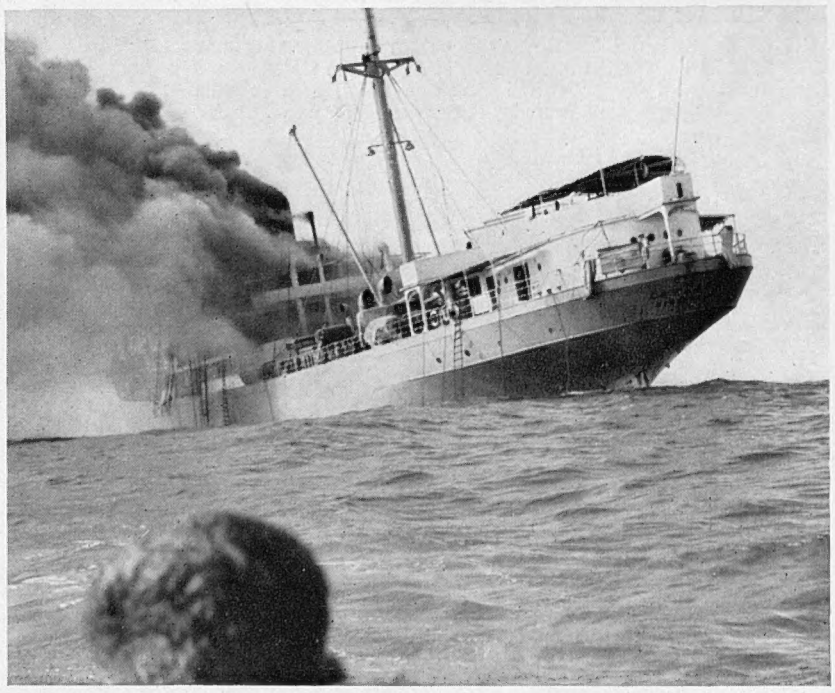
On right—

THE NEW BRIDGE IN ST. JAMES'S PARK NEARS COMPLETION: Constructed of pre-stressed concrete, it replaces the old suspension bridge which had been a feature of the lake for 100 years. An anonymous donor gave £23,000 for a new bridge—money which, under the terms of the gift, could not be used to repair the old one. A further condition was that work must begin before the end of last year and finish this year. As a result the concrete work was done by thirty men working night and day, pouring lorry-loads of ready-mixed concrete into a wooden framework. Previously, dams were constructed on either side of the bridge and 200,000 gallons of water between them was pumped out.





BASTILLE DAY IN PARIS: Parachute troops brought from Algeria march down the Champs-Elysées during the great military parade in which 14,000 soldiers took part. It was another "austerity" Bastille Day when, as last year, the open-air balls were cancelled. At the Invalides, M. Bourgès-Maunoury presented the insignia of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour to General Massu, commander of the 10th Airborne Division, who was prominent in the landings in Egypt. Others engaged in the campaign were decorated and emphasis was put upon France's pride in her actions in Egypt and Algeria.



A SWEDISH MOTOR-SHIP ON FIRE OFF THE COAST OF BAHIA, BRAZIL: The *La Plata* was en route from Stockholm to Rio de Janeiro with a cargo of newsprint when fire broke out. All twelve passengers and forty-four crew were saved. Six hours after abandoning ship they were picked up by the U.S. freighter *Mormacmail*. The *La Plata* was listing badly and still burning at the time of the rescue.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

COLLAPSE OF A TRAM REPAIR SHED IN ROME : A street-car of the Roman Tramway Company was buried in the debris when the roof of the shed collapsed. The accident occurred in the Prenestino section of the city and is thought to have been caused by the expansion of the iron framework during the intense heat.

THE REMAINS OF THE TRAM SHED IN THE PARCO PRENESTINO : 100 men were at work when the roof fell in. Two were killed, two seriously injured and many went to hospital.

DR. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS AND MR. ARTHUR BENJAMIN DISCUSS A NEW OPERA AT SADLER'S WELLS : They were attending a meeting of Directors of the semi-amateur New Opera Company which is to produce Mr. Benjamin's opera, *A Tale of Two Cities*, at Sadler's Wells on Tuesday next. The opera was written in 1950 and won one of the four prizes awarded by the Arts Council at the Festival of Britain. In 1953, it was broadcast and acclaimed, at the time, as a dramatic masterpiece.

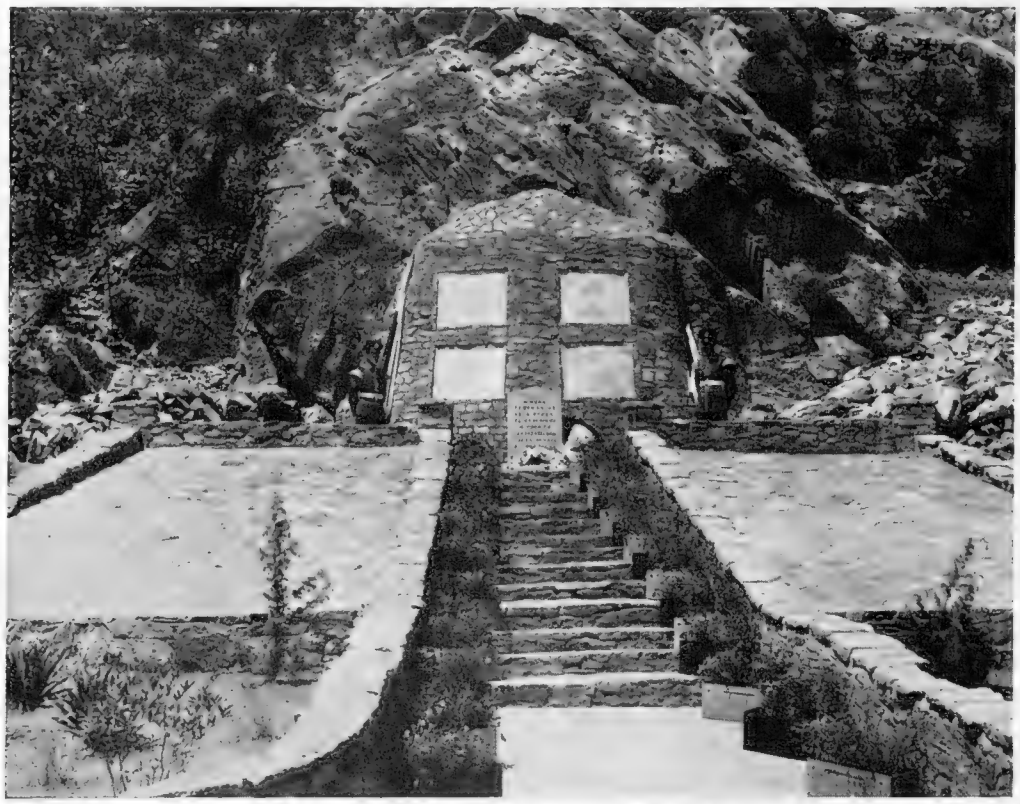
On left—

DISCOVERERS OF A NEW ELEMENT : The Swedish members of the team which discovered element 102 are seen in Stockholm with Professor Glen Seaborg, of the United States, who was on a visit to Sweden. Left to right are Lennart Holm, Wilhelm Forsling, Professor Seaborg, Hugo Atterling and Björn Alström. Other scientists in the team were British and American. The element, made at the Nobel Institute in Stockholm, is the first new element to be made since 1955, and the first of the new elements, heavier than uranium, to be discovered in Europe and to be discovered by international co-operation. It was first isolated on March 23 and was made by bombarding curium on thin metal foil with carbon ions accelerated to a high energy.

RESCUE WORK AFTER THE PERSIAN EARTHQUAKE : Princess Shams Pahlevi, the sister of the Shah of Persia, visits a relief and rescue centre in the Abergam area in the north of her country. It is believed that 5,000 may have lost their lives and a further 100,000 been wounded in this most appalling disaster. Rescue teams are still digging in the ruins of villages which have been virtually wiped out. Once the magnitude of the catastrophe was realised, foreign countries, including Britain, sent medical and other aid. 80 per cent. of the houses are uninhabitable. Influenza is rife in Persia, but mainly outside the earthquake area. However, the rumours of a typhus epidemic have not been substantiated.

THE INVESTITURE OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF MOROCCO : Prince Moulay Hassan (wearing fez) kneels before his father, the Sultan Mohammed ben Youssef (Mohammed V), in the Riad Palace at Rabat. The occasion was the formal investiture of the Prince, who is Mohammed's eldest son, as the Crown Prince. In the picture the father is handing the son the mandate creating him Crown Prince, and a Royal Councillor also kneels to offer counsel to the Prince. In the background are three of the Sultan's daughters, the Princesses Malika, Lalla Amina and Lalla Aicha.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



THE MEMORIAL TO THE "GLORIOUS GLOSTERS" NEAR THE SCENE OF THEIR IMMORTAL BATTLE IN KOREA: On the stone the two upper plaques contain the U.N. crest (left) and the badges of the Gloucestershire Regiment and the Royal Artillery. Below are inscriptions in English and Korean commemorating the heroic four-day stand of the Battle of Solma-ri on Gloster Hill.

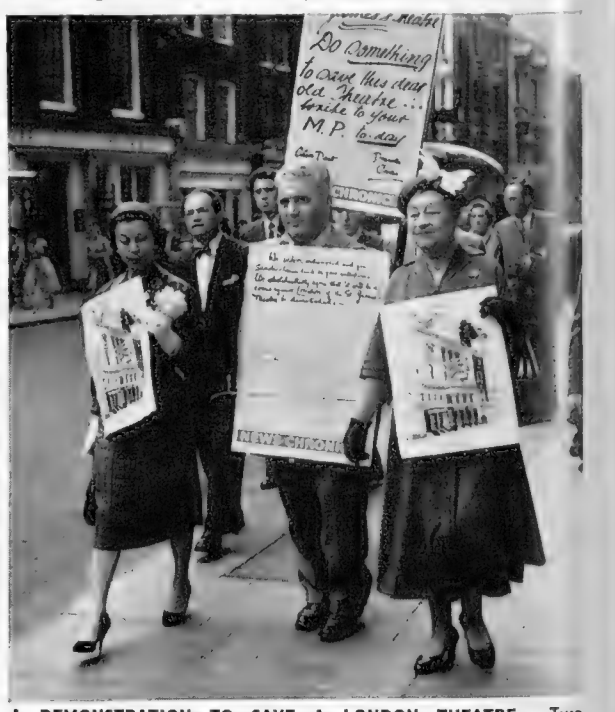
TWO VETERANS OF THE KOREAN WAR: At the unveiling of the Gloucestershire Regiment Memorial in Korea were Captain David Houldsworth and the Roman Catholic Bishop, Thomas Quinlan. Captain Houldsworth, of the Gloucestershire Regiment, was the only man present who had actually fought in the Glorious Glosters' engagement. At the time of the action in 1951, Bishop Quinlan was a prisoner of the Chinese Communists. The memorial was unveiled by Mr. Hubert Evans, the British Ambassador to South Korea. Among others who paid their tributes were General I. D. White, Commanding General of the United Nations and the 8th United States Army in Korea, and Lieut.-Colonel R. B. de F. Sleeman, of the Royal Sussex Regiment, which was responsible for erecting the memorial. The stone is placed at the foot of the hill now called "Gloster Hill," about five miles north of Seoul. The inscription reads: "Battle of Solma-ri April 21 to 25, 1951. This memorial on Gloster Hill commemorates the heroic stand of the 1st Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment and C Troop, 170 Light Mortar Battery, Royal Artillery. Surrounded and greatly outnumbered, they fought valiantly for four days in the defence of freedom."

A CHILDREN'S "GERMAN MEASLES" TEA PARTY: Dr. Charles Stevens, Director of the National Spastics Society, hands out jellies in a garden at Cookham, in Berkshire. At the table, from left, are Mark Stevens, Clive Dicks, Colleen Dicks and Antonia Stevens. Colleen has German measles and Clive has just had it. They are the children of Squadron Leader Terence Dicks and the party was held in their garden. The object, apart from the natural enjoyment of food, was that the two Stevens children should catch the infection. Their father, working on the long-accepted fact that German measles in a pregnant woman may have a damaging effect upon the unborn child, has formed the opinion that in particular it causes the birth of spastic children. He hoped that as a result of the party—in honour of Colleen Dicks' ninth birthday—his daughter Antonia will catch German measles.

THE NEW VISITORS' WAITING-ROOM AT THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE: Through the open door at the back is the new lecture room. Sir John Braithwaite, the chairman, opened this addition to the Stock Exchange buildings last week. Design of the rooms is by Mr. James Gardner, F.S.A.

On right—

SIR JOHN HUNT OPENS A SCHOOL IN LONDON: The leader of the Everest Expedition addresses the boys and girls in the hall of the London County Council Comprehensive School at Eltham Green. Sitting beside him on the platform is the Mayor of Woolwich, Councillor N. G. Burbridge. Sir John was performing the formal opening, for the school has been in use since last September.



A DEMONSTRATION TO SAVE A LONDON THEATRE: Two well-known actresses, Miss Vivien Leigh (Lady Olivier), on left, and Miss Athene Seyler, march through London with Alan Dent, the dramatic critic. Their purpose was to protest against the scheduled demolition of the St. James's Theatre. On behalf of this cause, Miss Leigh caused a sensation last week in the House of Lords. She was sitting in Black Rod's box behind the Bar of the Chamber during a debate. Suddenly she stood up and said, "My Lords, I wish to protest against St. James's Theatre being demolished." She was escorted outside by the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

COUNTING THE VOTES IN THE ELECTIONS FOR THE EGYPTIAN NATIONAL ASSEMBLY : Tellers sort the ballot papers at a polling station in Cairo. Voters made their marks against symbols representing the various candidates selected by the Government to stand for the 350 seats in the Assembly.

WAITING TO VOTE IN CAIRO : Queues line up outside a polling station in the Egyptian capital. Voting was compulsory for men but optional for women in the general elections for the National Assembly, which is due to meet next Tuesday. In spite of the fact that it was a one-list election of pro-Nasser candidates, polling did not pass off without serious disturbances in Southern Egypt. In clashes round polling booths, 16 people were killed.

THE ELEVENTH LAP OF THE TOUR DE FRANCE : The pack of racing cyclists tears over the dam at Castillon on the eleventh lap (180 miles in distance) during the recent annual international cycling race lasting over a fortnight in France.

On left—

A FIRE AT A JAPANESE PAGODA : Firemen direct their hoses on to the blazing building in the Yanaka cemetery in Tokyo. Two bodies were found in the ashes. The cause of the fire could not be immediately ascertained.

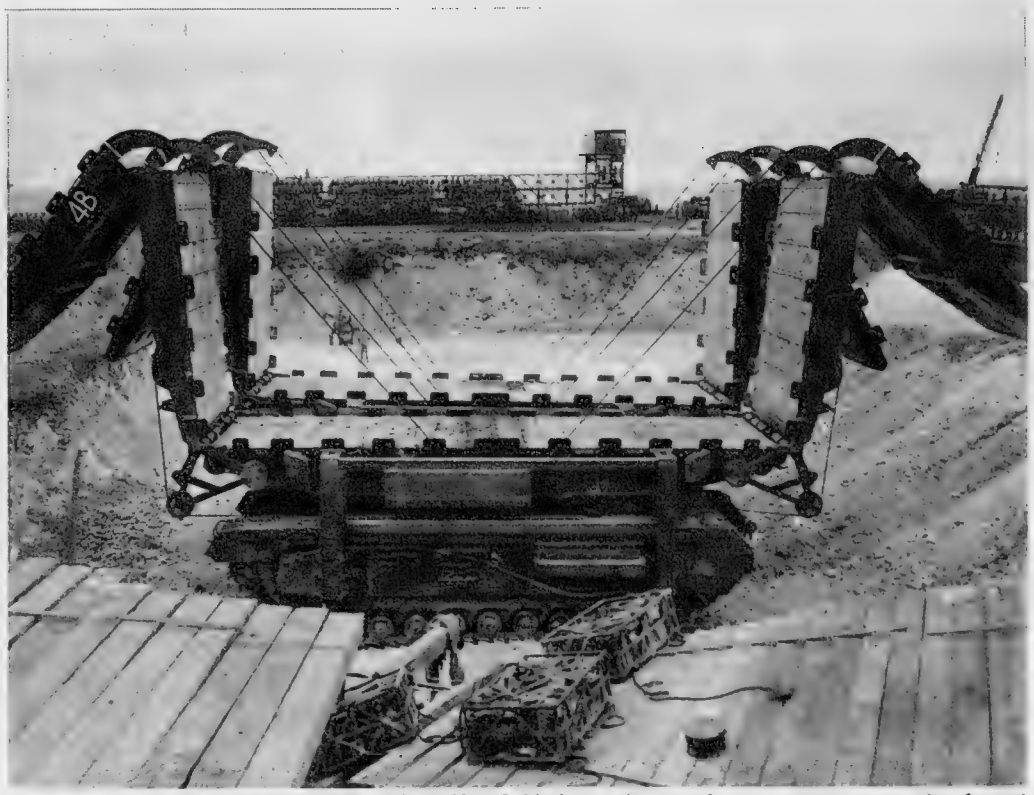
THE COURSE THROUGH THE FRENCH ALPS OF THE INTERNATIONAL CYCLING MARATHON : The road below the rugged peaks of the French Alps, near the Col du Galibier, is lined with spectators to watch cyclists of many nations pass during the tenth lap of the Tour de France. The route on this day was from Thonon-les-Bains to Briançon. The Tour de France is almost unquestionably the most gruelling cycling race in the world. Its course runs round France for a distance of 2,700 miles. This year the entrants started on their daily laps, each averaging about 180 miles, on June 27, and were due to finish last week-end.

THE LAST BRITISH TROOPS LEAVE JORDAN : Lieut.-Colonel J. R. Cordy-Simpson, Commander of the British garrison at Aqaba, steps from the quayside of the Jordanian port into a launch. He was the last British soldier to leave Jordan. Under the Anglo-Jordanian Treaty signed earlier this year Britain agreed to withdraw all her military forces from Jordan. The evacuation was completed from all military stations in Jordan several weeks before the time limit fixed in the Treaty.

ROYAL ENGINEERS' NEW TECHNIQUES

Sappers Display Latest Equipment at Chatham

AN ASSAULT DEVICE FOR CROSSING SMALL GAPS : The linked ark plunges into a ditch beside the wreckage of a bridge presumed to have been demolished. The tank-like device carries on its top a folded equipment which opens to form a temporary bridge. The linked ark was among the new techniques demonstrated by the R.E. at Chatham last week.



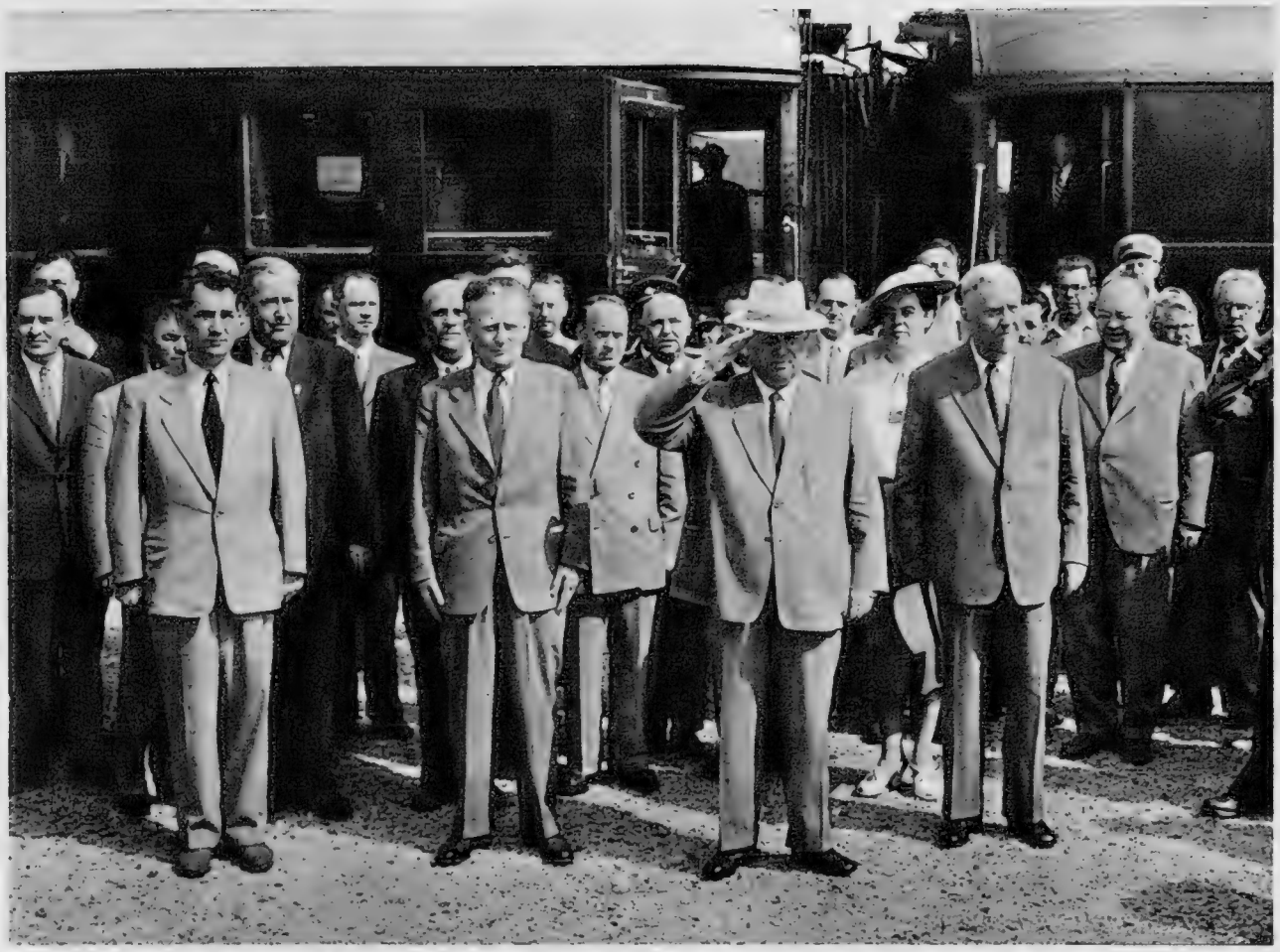
THE LINKED ARK UNFOLDS TO BRIDGE A GAP : Behind on the stand are spectators at the Annual Royal Engineers' Demonstration which was held this year for the first time at the School of Military Engineering, Chatham. Experimental as well as current battle techniques were shown.

The aim of the Annual Royal Engineers' Demonstration was to show current techniques and equipment for the main engineer battle tasks and also to display some experimental equipments under trial and not yet accepted for service. Spectators last week at the School of Military Engineering saw live demonstrations dealing with river crossing, mine warfare, mobile engineer plant, rapid demolition technique, heavy girder bridge and assault engineer devices. Other sapper activities were illustrated by a static display of field defences and by models. Among the experimental devices were the light (30-ton) and heavy (80-ton) assault floating bridges. With them a new and very advantageous system of assembly for river crossings was demonstrated. Another simple but most effective device was the linked ark for bridging small gaps. This consists of a mobile tracked base which carries a folded superstructure. The device is driven into the gap which requires bridging and the top is then unfolded to form a bridge. In every way the Royal Engineers made it clear that they are keeping fully abreast of the requirements of modern nuclear warfare.

OPERATION COMPLETE : A Centurion tank moves across the bridge put over the gap by the unfolded top of the linked ark.

On left—

A RIVER CROSSING IN THE LATEST R.E. STYLE : On to a heavy (80-ton) assault floating bridge roars a tank weighing nearly 50 tons. This type of bridge is not yet in service. It is a pontoon structure which can be assembled with great rapidity. Yet the operation minimises the exposure to shelling and bombing of those engaged in it. The reason for this is that the piers are assembled under cover a mile or more from the bridging site. From there they are towed on detachable wheels to an area nearer the site. Then, only as required are they taken forward and tipped into the water. Tugs finally tow them into place. Compared with other types of bridging, the work to be done in full view of the river is halved. There is also a light (30-ton) class of the new assault bridges.



ARRIVAL AT THE CZECH FRONTIER: At Cierna, on the Czech side of the border, are, from the left, Mr. Barak, Czech Minister of Interior; Mr. Novotny, Secretary-General of the Czech Communist Party; Mr. Khrushchev and Marshal Bulganin. Mr. Khrushchev is taking the salute alone. In his first speech he spoke about the recent dismissals in the Kremlin.

KHRUSHCHEV IN PRAGUE

With Bulganin he Visits a Satellite Neighbour

It would appear that it is no longer "B. and K." but "K. and B.", for it was as Khrushchev and Bulganin, in that order, that the Moscow Press was referring to them last week. The pictures from Czechoslovakia of the Soviet visit give at least two indications that since his handling of the Kremlin purge the Russian Communist Secretary-General regards himself as superior to his Prime Minister. At the welcome on the Czech frontier it was Khrushchev, not Bulganin, who took the salute in chief place, and on arriving in Prague he drove in the first car with the Czech President. In a speech Marshal Bulganin made flattering references to Khrushchev's role of "great merit" in the Kremlin purge. For his part Mr. Khrushchev made a number of orations. The most remarkable was on the occasion when, in less than an hour, he reviewed Soviet relations with the rest of the world. Non-Communists were dubbed "idiots" and President Eisenhower taken to task over the H-bomb.

On the second day the Russians were in Czechoslovakia, it was announced from Moscow that Malenkov had been sent into exile. His appointment as manager of a remote hydro-electric station can be regarded as political deportation of the kind which Trotsky suffered at the hands of Stalin. At the same time Moscow radio declared that none of the dismissed leaders was being held in prison.

WELCOME TO PRAGUE: *Left*—Mr. Zapotocky (centre), the President of Czechoslovakia, shakes hands with Marshal Bulganin. Behind is Mr. Khrushchev, and extreme right Mr. Siroky, Czech Premier. *Right*—Mr. Khrushchev speaks. With him is the "boss" of the Czech Communist Party, Antonin Novotny.

IN BENIGN MOOD: Mr. Khrushchev and Marshal Bulganin are all smiles as children are held up to present them with bouquets at the reception for them at the Czech frontier town of Cierna.

ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE PEOPLE OF PRAGUE: The Secretary-General of the Soviet Communist Party stands and waves in the car in which he drives with President Zapotocky and Mr. Novotny. In the welcome in Prague Mr. Khrushchev again took precedence over Marshal Bulganin.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES: The Soviet liner *Baltika* ties up at Helsinki, in Finland. Until a few days previously, the vessel had been the *Molotov*. The change of name was made in Leningrad.

A ROYAL SALUTE TO QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER IN THE HEART OF AFRICA : A Matabele warrior, with spear and shield, stands guard on a hilltop overlooking a vast natural amphi-theatre in the Matopos Hills, near Bulawayo, in Southern Rhodesia, during the great Indaba in honour of the Queen Mother. The tribal meeting was attended by more than 200 chiefs of Southern Rhodesia as well as thousands of other people, and was held near the site at which Cecil Rhodes negotiated peace with the Matabele. On arrival at the meeting the Queen Mother inspected a guard of honour of the 2nd Battalion, The King's African Rifles and received the first *Bayete*, the Royal salute of the chiefs and warriors. Then followed the dance of welcome, the presentation of a gift, the distribution of medals, and the homage of the chiefs.

IN BULAWAYO : The Queen Mother unveils a commemorative plaque during the opening ceremony of a new centre for physically handicapped children in the Southern Rhodesian city. The foundation-stone had been laid three years earlier by Miss Georgia Rhodes and Miss Violet Rhodes, nieces of Cecil Rhodes.

AT THE INDABA : Visitors await the Royal arrival. An Indaba is a calling together of the people to hear news of importance or to discuss matters which seriously concern their welfare.

THE DANCE OF WELCOME : Twenty Matabele dancers perform in front of the Queen Mother. The musical accompaniment was provided by women who chanted, clapped, and beat drums.

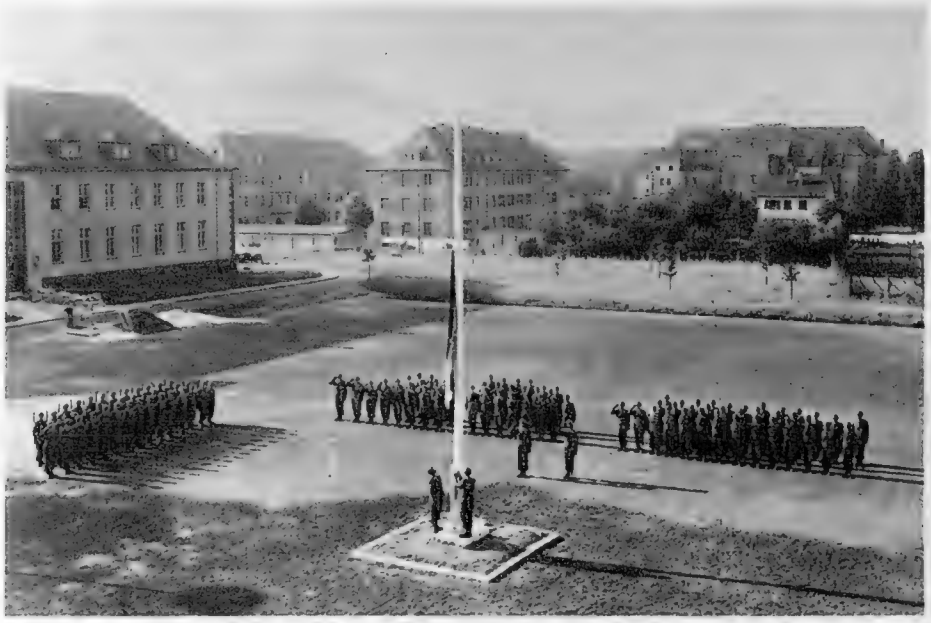
On left—
WAITING TO MEET THE QUEEN MOTHER : The Paramount Chief of Barotseland, Mwanawina III, waits to meet the Queen Mother during the visit to Lusaka.

On right—
A VISIT TO THE COPPER MINES : Her Majesty is seen at the 1,400-ft. level of Roan Antelope mine near Luanshya. She is wearing a miner's kit of white cotton and a safety helmet.

ROYAL DAYS IN AFRICA

The Queen Mother's Visit to the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland

right—
E QUEEN MOTHER PAYS HER THIRD ISIT TO BULAWAYO : She smiles in cknowledgement to the guests at the eception and banquet given in her onour at Government House by dmiral Sir Peveril William-Powlett, overnor of Southern Rhodesia. On er arrival in the city Her Majesty received warm welcome as she drove along the wide ag-lined avenues to visit the King George I Memorial Rehabilitation Centre. A ttle later she attended a civic garden-party here she met a niece of Cecil Rhodes, nd two pioneers of the 1890's. When the ueen Mother flew from Southern Rhodesia r her visit to Northern Rhodesia, she assed over the big Kariba dam and saw ie progress which is being made on the ydro-electric project. The Queen Mother egan her tour of the Federation at Salis-ury, where she was met by Sir Robert redgold, the Acting Governor-General.



RAISING THE FEDERAL FLAG: The West German colours are run up the flagpole at the Falkenstein Barracks, in Coblenz, on the Rhine. The new West German army has now taken over these barracks from the French. The transfer in this area began last September.

FRANCE HONOURS A GERMAN SOLDIER: A French guard of honour salutes General Von Luttwitz (on the right, in the centre), the Commander of the 3rd Federal Army Corps, as he comes out of the French H.Q. in Coblenz.

CHANGE OF COMMAND ON THE RHINE

Federal Forces Take Over from the French in Coblenz

The traditional enmity between France and Germany properly began in the time of Napoleon and was strengthened through the periods of Moltke and Bismark, Wilhelm II and Hitler. It is not of such long-standing as several other European national rivalries and the pictures on this page are a small indication that it may gradually be eradicated. Last September little attention was paid by the rest of the world when the transfer was begun of the largest French garrison in Germany to units of the West German Federal Forces. The area concerned is Coblenz on the Rhine. The Germans are assuming command of barracks, other military installations and airfields on land. On the Rhine they will control and staff the Rhine River Patrol, and its fleet of small craft. Now for ten months the transfer has proceeded most smoothly. Especially encouraging has been the manner in which French and German troops of all ranks have fraternised in a spirit of comradeship, the former instructing the latter in their future duties. It is to be hoped that this is a genuine sign of the times, and that the Common Europe towards which the nations of the West are striving may soon become a reality.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE—1957 VERSION: Boats of the Rhine River Patrol make their way along the waters below the high cliffs near Coblenz. In the craft French crews are now instructing Germans in river duties.

ONLY ONE LANGUAGE REQUIRED: A German soldier carries away a bilingual sign (in French and German) at Niedermendig aerodrome, which has been handed over to the West German Aviation Corps. Only German will be used here now. Behind is a Dornier aircraft.

"KAMERADSCHAFT": A French sailor explains to Germans the traffic laws on the Rhine. The Germans will soon be manning the Rhine River Patrol boats. This is an example of the comradeship shown by both sides in the transfer.

IN COMMAND : On the left is Rear-Admiral Frank A. Leamy, the Commander of the U.S. Coastguard Practice Squadron, and on the right is Captain Karl O. A. Zittel, the Commanding Officer of the barque *Eagle*, flagship of the squadron.

"EAGLE" SAILS INTO LONDON

The U.S. Coastguard Training Barque Moors in the Pool near Tower Bridge

THE TALLEST VESSEL EVER TO NEGOTIATE TOWER BRIDGE : The 1,634-ton United States three-masted auxiliary barque *Eagle* is moored in the Pool of London during her recent visit. She arrived with the Coastguard cutters *Yakutat* and *Absecon*, both 1,766 tons, and spent six days in the Thames as part of the annual nine-week training cruise to foreign ports. There were 350 cadets aboard the three ships. During the *Eagle's* stay in London she had many distinguished visitors, including Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh. Before completing the journey up the Thames to the Pool, the *Eagle* moored off Gravesend to await the high tide. She was towed stern-first under Tower Bridge after her mainmast had been adjusted to the required height. The *Eagle* is the former German cadet ship *Horst Wessel*. She was launched in June 1936, and acquired by the United States as a reparation after the war for employment in the Coastguard Practice Squadron. She is 295¼ ft. overall and her masts are 150 ft. high. The German builders were Blohm and Voss, of Hamburg.

AT WORK ON BOARD THE "EAGLE" : Cadets are manning the jib sheet. *On left*—With Tower Bridge in the background, cadets go aloft to work on the sails during the stay in London. The cadets are aged between seventeen and twenty-two and are on a four-year instructional course. After leaving London the squadron was bound for La Coruna, in Spain.

A FLOODED AND BATTERED HIGHWAY IN ONTARIO: The two aerial pictures on this page show the force with which Hurricane " Audrey " struck Highway 17, between Ottawa and North Bay, in Southern Ontario. " Audrey " raged through various parts of the North American continent. A boy was reported killed and damage was heavy in Canada, but the hardest-hit area was the Louisiana coast of the United States.

HAVOC BY HURRICANE IN CANADA

"Audrey" Hits Southern Ontario

Hurricane " Audrey " first hit the North American continent with devastating ferocity on the low-lying coast of Louisiana, at the end of last month. It was the worst storm in that area for 100 years. According to Governor Earl Long, the number of dead and missing exceeded 400. He said that no one could foretell how long it would take to rebuild the wrecked coastal parishes. The first task of the authorities has been to make the communities safe for human habitation so that reconstruction work can start. From Louisiana " Audrey " drove inland in a north-easterly direction and after two days it was thought it had spent itself and disintegrated. But as it came over the Great Lakes, it encountered a low-pressure area and swept with renewed fury on to Southern Ontario. The aerial pictures on this page are appalling evidence of " Audrey's " renewed strength. In the top one, Highway 17, the main road between Ottawa and North Bay, seems to have been stamped upon by a giant's foot and at one point battered into fragments. In both, floods have cut the road.

One boy was reported to have died from injuries in Southern Ontario and there were many narrow escapes from death. Cottages and trees were tossed about like toys, floods burst upon roads and railways and the unexpected revival of the hurricane caught many travellers unawares. Individuals and villages were marooned. Total damage was estimated in millions of dollars. From Southern Ontario " Audrey " moved on northwards but soon blew weaker in the north-east of the province and headed into north-west Quebec. There, it is believed, it finally disintegrated.

AIRPORT ON THE SAND: A Royal Mail van is parked near the British European Airways plane on the beach landing strip at Barra, the Hebridean island off the west coast of Scotland. The airport, which is said to be Britain's smallest, is run entirely by Miss Kitty MacPherson.

BARRA'S AIRPORT ON THE SANDS

The Hebridean Island has Britain's Smallest Air Station, which is Run by One Person

AT THE AIRPORT: *Left*—Miss MacPherson, wearing B.E.A. uniform and carrying a walkie-talkie radio, sets out from the hut with the captain and second officer of a plane which is about to leave for Renfrew. *Right*—The airport's fire engine stands by for emergencies.

COMING IN TO LAND: This is the passenger's view as the Heron aircraft approaches the beach landing strip. The comparatively isolated airport hut and the fire engine are just above the high water mark. In background is the house in which Sir Compton Mackenzie once lived.

THE VAST EXPANSE OF SAND: Miss MacPherson is walking towards a piece of flotsam which must be removed before the arrival of a plane. The piece of wood had been left by the ebbing tide. It is only possible for planes to land three hours after high tide. Barra is becoming popular as a quiet holiday resort.

The air station on the island of Barra is said to be the smallest in Britain. It is used by British European Airways and is administered by Miss Kitty MacPherson. The runway is situated on a stretch of the Great Sands, a vast cockle beach of hard, white sand in the north of the island, which is protected from the Atlantic by a line of sandhills, and can only be used three hours after high tide. When the water is right up the only indications of any activity are the lonely administrative hut and the fire engine, which stands by for emergency calls. B.E.A. planes run a regular service from Renfrew during the holiday season, and at other times there is always the occasional special flight, such as the hospital plane, to deal with.

Miss MacPherson has complete responsibility for the booking and handling of passengers. She deals with the plane's documents and hands over the Royal Mail as well as establishing radio communication with the aircraft as it approaches to assure the pilot that all is well for the landing. Prior to this she has had to inspect the beach to clear the landing strip of any flotsam which may have been left by the ebbing tide.

Barra is some ten miles long and four miles wide, and for the most part is hilly, its highest point being Mount Heaval, which is 1,200 ft. above sea-level. The chief town is Castlebay, in the south, which is so named because Kisimul Castel, the ancient stronghold of the Macneills of Barra, lies on an island in the bay. The harbour itself is well protected and forms a shelter to which ships often run in times of storm.

Most of the people are crofters. Many are also fishermen, although the one-time thriving herring-fishing industry has almost died out. The west coast of the island is rugged and rocky, with sandy bays between jutting cliffs. Atlantic rollers continually pound this coast, even on calm days. In contrast, the east coast is much more sheltered. Of the ships which were wrecked off the coast of Barra during the war, one particular vessel is never likely to be forgotten in the history of the Hebrides. It was a whisky ship upon which Sir Compton Mackenzie based his well-known story, *Whisky Galore!*

THE SALZBURG FESTIVAL THEATRE OF THE FUTURE WILL BE BUILT INTO A GREAT ROCK: The artist has drawn an impression of how the famous *Festspielhaus* will look when the extensions recently begun have been completed in 1960. The buildings will be extended behind the present theatre and go right into the rock of the Mönchsberg, the 1,400-ft. summit above the city. The cost will be about £1,500,000.

EXTENDING SALZBURG'S THEATRE

An Ambitious Project at the Famous Austrian Festival Theatre

The Salzburg Festival, begun in 1920, set a fashion which has been widely copied. Apart from the dreadful period in the 1930's when it was debased by the Nazis, its standards have always been of the highest, and in every way it can claim to be one of the greatest Festivals of Europe. The theatre, or *Festspielhaus*, in which operas, plays and musical performances are given is not large, and for some years it has been felt that it should be extended.

Dr. Clemens Holzmeister, the architect in charge of the Festival Theatre, has drawn up most ambitious designs for the extensions, which will require the removal of a vast amount of rock from the Mönchsberg, the hill in the Old Town. In fact, the back of the new theatre will go right into the rock.

Work has already begun. The purpose of the extension is twofold: to draw more visitors, and thus more money, into Salzburg, and, from the cultural point of view, to attract more artists of renown and thus raise the already high standards of performance. The cost is estimated at 115,000,000 schillings (about £1,500,000). The Austrian Government has guaranteed 110,000,000 schillings.

There are objections to the scheme on two counts. First, it is argued that the expense, involving national funds, is excessive. The reply to this is that the new theatre will attract more tourists and foreign currency. The second objection comes from those who maintain that a bigger and more lavish festival will be out of keeping with the intentions of its founder, the late Max Reinhardt. The *Festspiel*, they say, should remain intimately connected as it has in the past with the memory and spirit of Salzburg's greatest son, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

THE SITE FOR THE NEW STAGE: Workmen are perched on the side of the cliff of the Mönchsberg as they clear the rock from the area where the stage will be built in the extended theatre. It is estimated that some 65,000 cub. yards of rock will be removed for new building sites.

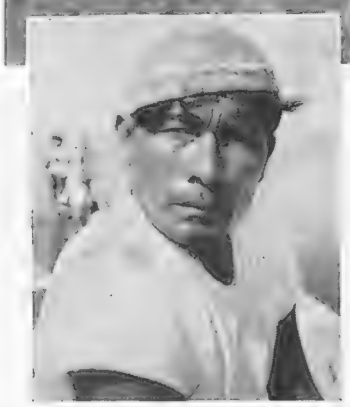
HIGH ABOVE SALZBURG: Slung on ropes for safety a team of workers drives d into the rock. Below them are some buildings being demolished for the thea extensions and, beyond, a spire and roofs of the Old Town of Salzbu

NE OF THE MOST FAMOUS THEATRES IN THE WORLD : Behind the present *Festspielhaus* in Salzburg work is already in progress on the rock face for the extension into the Mönchsberg. The main entrance (in the centre of the picture) and the front of the present theatre will remain where they are in the new building. The Salzburg Festival was started by the late Max Reinhardt in 1920 and set a fashion for festivals which has been followed by numerous cities and towns in many parts of Europe.

O SEAT AN AUDIENCE OF 2,500: The model shows the structure of the new theatre which will be able to hold an audience of 2,500. An additional facility for visitors will be a car park, which will also be hollowed out of the Mönchsberg. There is some opposition to the *Festspielhaus* project because of its expense.

INTO THE ROCK FACE: The roof at the back of the model goes into the rock face. The new buildings are the work of Dr. Clemens Holzmeister, the architect in charge of the Festival Theatre at Salzburg.

BRINGING THE SALT ASHORE: A Guajira woman carries a bag of salt ashore on her back. It has been gathered from salt-mounds in the background. For protection against the sun, her face is blackened with a liquid made from the bark of a tree. *On left*—A Guajira Indian wears a felt hat, soaked in salt water to make it hard. This keeps the hair in place against trade winds.



SALT HARVESTING IN COLOMBIA

Guajira Indians Gather the Largest-ever Crop from the Caribbean Sea

One of the most unusual sights on the northern coast of Colombia, in South America, at this time of the year is the gathering of thousands of Guajira Indians. They have left their inland homes—most of which are cattle and sheep ranches—and made their way to the coast to take part in the annual salt harvest from the Caribbean Sea. This exodus involves entire families who work unceasingly during the short harvest season to reap the crop of salt which has been produced under a hot tropical sun. For ten months of the year, water from the Caribbean lies undisturbed in large man-made pounds on the coast. It is evaporated by the blazing sun and leaves behind a residue of snow-white salt mounds.

The Guajira Indians arrive to pile the salt into thousands of small salt mounds. These stretch as far as the eye can see. Each Indian family builds its own mound, comprising about 1,800 lb. of salt. The mineral is then carried to the shore in bags, where it is hardened before being loaded on to trucks and transported to warehouses for domestic and commercial use. For every 100 bags of salt piled up in the sea-pounds, the Indians receive the equivalent of 10 dollars (about £3 10s.), 22 lb. of corn and 4 lb. of brown sugar. The point on the coast where the Guajira Indians meet is the area where the Spaniards gathered salt in the sixteenth century. It is one of the purest of all salt harvests, and this year about 42,000 tons of salt are expected to be collected.

This will be the largest crop reaped to date and will be a considerable increase on last year, when only 27,000 tons were harvested. Up to the present, the salt has been for use in Colombia only. With the introduction of new evaporation pools, it is hoped to export salt to the United States and Japan.

HEADWORK: By using a braided rope across her forehead, a Guajira Indian woman carries a heavy sack of salt by distributing its weight to her head and back. The piled salt is bleached in the sun for two days.

FROM THE SHORE TO LAND: An Indian woman uses a sea-turtle shell to haul the salt from a pound. *On left*—Salt bags are loaded onto trucks for transportation. The salt has been harvested for over 400 years.

THE SALE OF THE WEINBERG COLLECTION : The scene in the main room at Sotheby's, in London, as the painting, "Jeunes Baigneurs Bretons," by Gauguin, is displayed to a large crowd of bidders during the sale of the Weinberg collection. The painting was sold for £17,000. The sale of the collection of the late Mr. Wilhelm Weinberg, a banker and financier, of New York, totalled £326,520. This large sum has been donated to charity under the terms of Mr. Weinberg's will.

SOLD FOR £22,000 : An early Monet picture, "La Maison Bleue à Zaandam," comes under the auctioneer's hammer. It was sold for £22,000 to Marlborough Fine Art, Limited.

£326,520 FOR MODERN MASTERS

The Weinberg Collection comes under the Hammer

About 3,000 people were present at Sotheby's, in New Bond Street, London, last week for the sale of a collection of fifty-six paintings, drawings and a few bronzes gathered together in the course of half a century by the late Mr. Wilhelm Weinberg, a banker and financier. The sale, one of the most important at any London sale room for a great many years, realised a total of £326,520. This was the largest total for a picture sale since 1928. Under the terms of Mr. Weinberg's will, this sum goes to charities. Besides the London dealers—who were the main buyers—dealers and collectors from Europe and across the Atlantic were there in force. The sale was yet another example of the high prices being paid in London and Paris for certain Impressionists and their contemporaries. During the sale five pictures realised more than £20,000 each. The £31,000 paid for Van Gogh's "Les Usines à Clichy" was the highest price ever given for a painting at Sotheby's. It went to Knoedler, the London and New York dealers. An instance of the fantastic current inflation on the art-market was the £4,500 which was bid for a Fantin-Latour "Flower Piece." This picture was sold for £245 in 1937.

A STUDY IN CONCENTRATION : An interesting study in expressions is shown on the faces of some of the large crowd of people at the sale. Besides the London dealers, were others from France, Italy, Germany, Holland and America.

CLOSED-CIRCUIT TELEVISION : People in an overflow gallery watch a closed-circuit television screen enabling them to follow the sale activities in the main gallery. This innovation allowed buyers to bid from two overflow rooms. Their bids were relayed by telephone.

JULY—THE MONTH OF COLOURS AND SCENTS

The Songs of Birds May be more Leisurely, but the Colours of Flowers are at Their Brightest and Their Scents are Heightened, Especially at Night

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

PLENTY of people will tell you that in July there is very little bird song, that the green of the trees and the hedgerows is beginning to look a little tired, that July is the beginning of the end of summer. Well, of course, there is some truth in all that. July is summer in middle-age: the first bloom has gone.

The green is certainly past its freshest. But there is still any amount of bird song. It has a different quality, it is true, and, if you are of a pessimistic turn of mind, I suppose that you cannot but be aware with each passing day of the slow, inexorable, gathering of the summer silence. The birds—with the exception of the yellow-hammer; that merry little jingle defies drowsiness—are more leisurely, more reflective, in their singing. There are still blackbirds in song, but the dynamic quality has gone from their notes. The thrushes now play waltzes. The turtle doves from high branches invite you more insistently than ever to lie down and make the most of the warm sun.

It is a very sensible invitation. Hot days were made for dozing. And it is when you are lying down on a really hot day that you become aware of things that you would miss altogether if you were active. The hum in the air on a hot day, for example. That is one sound that belongs to July and to no other month, and it is a sound of which you become aware only when you are lying flat on your back and staring into the blue.

There are not many days when you may hear this hum; perhaps two or three, and then only in a hot summer. On each of the occasions on which I have noticed it (and there have not been many) it has been a little after midday, when there was hot sunshine following a heavy shower, when the dust was laid and the air was fresh and clear; the time when the meadow-brown butterflies appear in their hundreds in almost every grass field. This is the time when you may become conscious of the hum, and, having noticed it, you will note that it will continue sometimes for several hours.

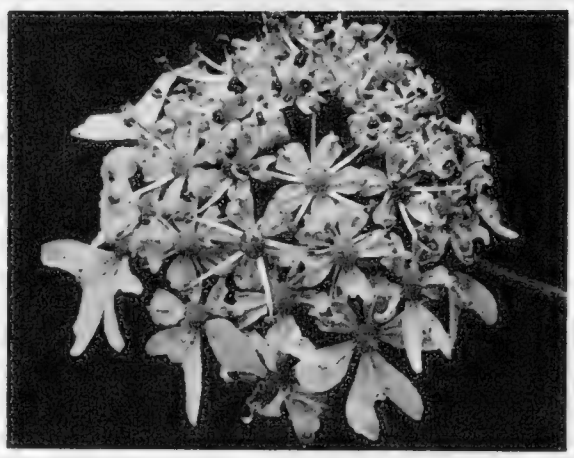
Do not mistake me. This is not the happy hum of the bees. This is not the hungry hum of the gnats. This is a hum high in the sky. It is not a hum that rises and falls, that changes in depth or pitch. It is just a hum. And I cannot tell you what insect makes it, for I have never seen it. Country folk say it is a "heat hum." But I have lain flat on my back and stared into the sky and listened to the hum floating down, and watched the swifts go mad as they feed on the singers.

The green is certainly past its freshest. But there is more colour in July than in any other month of the year, and more scent, too, than in any other month save only May—and I am not absolutely sure about that. The difference is that the scents of May are daytime scents, whereas you can only savour the scents of July to the full at night. That is true even of the hay. The scent of new-mown hay cannot be compared with the attar of the hay harvest on a hot July night; though this year, of course, hay harvest was early and, in the South of England at any rate, the scent belonged to June. The full coarse scent of elder (which personally I like), the thin sharp scent of mint, the heavy perfume of the meadow-sweet, the sugar sweetness of the honeysuckle, the fullness of the butterfly orchid at the wood's edge, all these may be missed in the daytime: all are heightened after the sun has set.

As to colour: July is the month of bright colours; here, in the South of England, of purples and yellows. It is the purples that strike the eye, of course, and it is easy to make out a list of purple flowers that is most impressive . . . loosestrife and foxglove and mallow, ragged robin and knapweed and rosebay, campanula and crane's-bill, thistles and tares, and the heaths. Purples of varying shades, but nevertheless true purples. You could not make so imposing a list of yellow flowers (and I have not exhausted the purple ones by any means).

If you went by the length of the list alone, then July would be the purple month beyond any doubt at all, and, indeed, one of our poets has so described it. But, in fact, yellow is everywhere. The goosegrass, charlock and ragwort in all the waste places and in many places where they should not be at all; hawkweed and yellow loosestrife and marsh St. John's wort and flags; and all the grasses yellowing with age and the hot sun. On the whole, I think that I would call July the yellow month if I were a poet. And yellow is a fine warm colour and very fitting for the month, too.

But there are also white flowers. They are at their best along the field pathways and the deep-rutted, neglected lanes—and there are still quite a few of those left. It is true that the green is past its freshest, but it is still at the full, and there are yet a few weeks before the hedger gets to work in earnest: if, indeed, he ever does get around to the stretches really off the beaten track. Now, in these old thick hedgerows, the dog-rose and the sweet-briar—I know that the blossom of the sweet-briar is really pink; but the pink is no more than a faint blush on a hot July day—the elder and the cow-parsnip are in blossom, and, below them, the hemlock with its sinister spotted stem is thrusting forward. But these are blossoms that are all too often overlooked, just because they are common.



SOME JULY WILD FLOWERS: *Above, left*—Soldier and sailor beetles are gathered on blooms of wild carrot. *Right*—Cow-parsnip—described as "a magnificent and noble flower"—is growing with dropwort in a moist corner of a meadow. *Below, left*—The picture shows an umbel of the blossoms of cow-parsnip.

In these days, it would seem, people are interested only in the exceptional—the largest this and the fastest that—only in the bizarre and the outrageous. And even that is not the whole truth. Consider the cow-parsnip: that is, surely, bizarre enough. But how many people ever take any notice of it? How many people even know it, common though it is? It seems to me that a thing has to be bizarre and mechanised nowadays before it is certain to attract attention.

There is a footpath in north Hampshire, near my home, which runs through a hollow between tall, thick hedgerows. There is a hillock on which you can stand and look down the length of the pathway between the hedgerows—about a hundred yards or so—to where it widens out to become, a little later on, a deeply-rutted farm track. And the whole of that length between the hedgerows is white with the nodding heads of cow-parsnip, so thickly white that you cannot really see the path at all. And the air is heavy with the hum of insects.

But it is only when you get down on to the path that you realise the full power and glory of the cow-parsnip. It is a magnificent, a noble, flower. When you are down on the path you are walking through an avenue of cow-parsnip. The books will tell you that the cow-parsnip attains a height of 5 ft. sometimes, and leave you with the impression that it does so only under exceptionally good conditions. Perhaps here the conditions are exceptionally good: I do not know. But I do know that, if I hold my breath and cheat a tiny bit—as I used to do when I was a child and measured against the bathroom wall (I expect you did, too)—I can make myself just 6 ft. tall, and here, walking this path, I find that I must stand a-tiptoe to reach, and barely that, the tallest of these great white blossoms, which are tinged faintly pink and are faintly fragrant.

The flowers of the cow-parsnip—fortunately they do not all reach over 6 ft. in height—are much beloved by insects of all sorts. They come to feed, to sun themselves, just to rest for a moment. They come in multitudes. I am sure that I see more insects, and more different insects, at the cow-parsnip than I do at any other flower with the sole exception of the ivy blossom in autumn. I can, and do, spend hours watching the cow-parsnip.

The broad, closely-knit, umbels attract all kinds of tiny daytime moths, which sit on them, motionless yet vibrant with life, and are much more spick and span—I had almost used the word "refined"—than any butterfly. These little moths always give me the impression that they are sun-bathing. All sorts of flies gather on the umbels as well, but a flower-head which is heavily stocked with flies never seems to support a moth. These flies are of every imaginable colour and shape, from the great grey clegs and sinister brown horse-flies to the most delicate jade-green threads. And once I saw a fly little thicker than a needle, brightly painted green and with deep crimson wings, whose name I do not know and have never been able to find out.

Almost as many different kinds of beetles as flies haunt the cow-parsnip. Beetles with gorgeous pyjama stripes—yellow and black, and yellow and red, black and green, and black and red; beetles in sober black, which yet shines green and blue and purple as the sun strikes at different angles; copper beetles and amber beetles; and, of course, ladybirds. Most of these beetles seem to prefer the huge leaves of the plant to the flower-heads, but the ladybirds—mostly, of course, the Two-spot and the Seven-spot, but sometimes the Ten-spot, and I have even seen the small lemon Twenty-two-spot—go to the stout, grooved stems, which are often thick with aphids. Then, of course, there are the bees and the butterflies; but these are casual visitors, pausing only for a moment or two.

Dining-table, deckchair in the sun, marriage-bed—the cow-parsnip is all these things to the insects. Yes, and graveyard, too. Look under the flower-heads: under almost every one there lurks a spider.

You can learn more about the facts of life and the philosophy of life from half-an-hour by a cow-parsnip on a July afternoon than from weeks of listening to the Third Programme.

THE "AVENUE OF HEROES": A general view of the sunken plaza, with its water and fountains, which runs into the "Avenue of Heroes" at Carácas, in Venezuela. The avenue was dedicated during a week of independence celebrations to mark the 146th year of the nation's freedom. The plaza, planted with 1,000 trees and shrubs, will form a wooded park in front of the Military Club.

CARACAS CELEBRATES ITS INDEPENDENCE

The Dedication of the "Avenue of Heroes" in Caracas to Commemorate the 146th Year of Venezuelan Independence

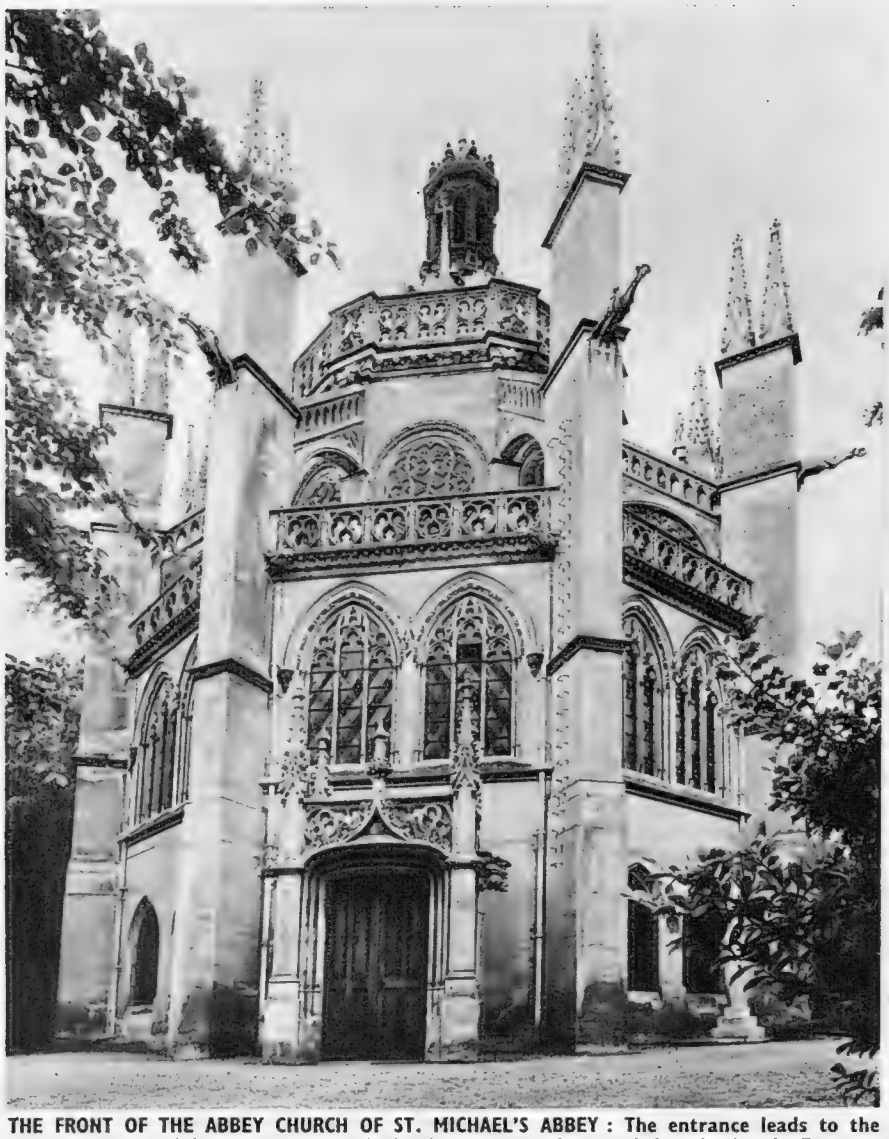
The Semana de la Patria celebrations (independence week celebrations) at Carácas, in Venezuela—to mark the 146th year of the nation's freedom—began this year with the inauguration of the Plaza de la Nacionalidad in front of the Circulo Militar (Military Club). This unusual collection of monuments, which depict the origin of Venezuelan nationality in stone, marble and concrete, has been in the course of construction on the 56,212-square-yard sunken plaza since last April. Designed by Luis Malaussena, who also designed the Circulo Militar, several of the university buildings, the new Secretariat building of the Presidency and many others, the work has been executed both in Venezuela and Italy. This new feature of the city of Carácas is 820 yards in length and at one point is as much as 137 yards wide. It has fourteen illuminated fountains and eight reflecting pools. There are 134 urns for hanging plants and among the 1,000 trees and shrubs which have been planted are majestic palms, willows, matapalos, laurels, apamates and bird-of-paradise plants. The idea of the plaza has been taken from the formal ornamental gardens of the types popular during the old empires of France and Austro-Hungary. At the eastern end of the plaza is a monument to three symbols—the flag, the anthem and the coat of arms. Another memorial, topped by an obelisk, is situated nearby and at its base are statues representing the troops who fought against Spain for Venezuela's independence. At the other end are the imposing columns of yet another monument commemorating the four most important battles fought and won in the great Wars of Independence. At the bases, between towers, stand statues of the founders of Venezuela, of which Simón Bolívar is the principal figure. The material for the work has come from Venezuela.

On left—

A MILITARY PARADE: Crowds of Venezuelans line both sides of Avenida de los Proceres (Avenue of Heroes) to witness a military parade which brought to a close the independence celebrations. The two towers at the bottom of the picture, each of which is 100 ft. high, bear the names of soldiers, battlefields and memorable occasions in Venezuelan history. Statues of leading statesmen and military heroes stand at the base of each of the towers.

CHURCH RESTORATION in FARNBOROUGH and LONDON

An Appeal for Farnborough Abbey; the Restored St. Lawrence Jewry Becomes the Church of the Corporation of London



THE FRONT OF THE ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL'S ABBEY : The entrance leads to the crypt containing the tombs of the Empress Eugénie and her husband, Emperor Napoleon III, who died in England in 1873, and her son, the Prince Imperial.

THE CRYPT OF ST. MICHAEL'S ABBEY AT FARNBOROUGH, IN HAMPSHIRE : Behind the altar is the tomb of the Empress Eugénie, who founded the crypt, the church above it and the adjoining monastery buildings in 1881 ; on the right is the tomb of her husband, Napoleon III. Although the Empress founded a trust for the upkeep of the memorial, the revenue, owing to rising prices, is insufficient, and a sum of £50,000 is now required to meet the cost of essential repair work, reconstruction and the maintenance of the entire foundation. It has, therefore, been decided to launch an appeal, with the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster as the principal patron. The mausoleum is situated under the chancel of the church.

THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE MONASTERY BUILDINGS AND THE CHURCH : The dome of the church, which is built in the French flamboyant Gothic style, is seen in the centre background of this picture. The Empress originally installed a group of French Benedictines to serve the church. After the community had returned to France, a group of English Benedictines from Prinknash Abbey took over in 1947. Empress Eugénie lived at Farnborough Hill. She died in July 1920, while on a visit to Spain.

INSIDE THE RESTORED CITY OF LONDON CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY : The view, from the west gallery, shows the Sanctuary just before the altar and final furnishings were placed in position. The moulded plaster ceiling is a replica of that designed by Wren when St. Lawrence Jewry was rebuilt after the Great Fire of London.

The Wren church of St. Lawrence Jewry, in Gresham Street, E.C., has been rebuilt to the designs of Cecil Brown. It is in the Renaissance style and a new and lofty reredos has been included to balance the large three-manual organ gallery at the west end. Dominating the entire scene is the richly-moulded plaster ceiling from which hang elaborate chandeliers. On the left of the Nave is the Commonwealth Chapel, which serves as a reminder of the many Commonwealth associations of the church, and of the part which the City has played in its development. Most of the windows of the church contain stained-glass to commemorate past and present associations ; many of the furnishings and ornaments have been presented as gifts ; the pews have come from Holy Trinity Church, Marylebone, which now is the headquarters of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and a ring of eight bells has been installed. In addition to serving as a Guild church, St. Lawrence Jewry is also the official church of the Corporation of London.

THE OFFICIAL CHURCH OF THE CITY CORPORATION : St. Lawrence Jewry will form an integral part of the Guildhall precincts as envisaged in the town-planning proposals for the City of London. The old church was destroyed on December 29, 1940.

THE VICARAGE IS INCORPORATED IN THE BUILDING : The Rev. and Mrs. J. F. D. Trimingham are in the sitting-room of their flat which has been built over part of the church. In the north-west corner of the church is a large vestry room for meetings.

FAMILY OCCASIONS

Husbands and Wives Together on the London Stage for the First Time; Miss Bergman and her Daughter

IN "ODD MAN IN" AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE: Donald Sinden, as Mervyn Browne, and Muriel Pavlow, in the part of Jane Maxwell, are together in a romantic scene in the play by the French dramatist Claude Magnier.

A STAGE OCCASION: In *Odd Man In*, Donald Sinden (left) reappears on the London stage after five years of film-making. Derek Farr (as George Maxwell) and Muriel Pavlow, married off the stage as well as on it, are together for the first time in the theatre.

Last Tuesday a play opened at the St. Martin's Theatre which contains much for collectors of theatrical records. *Odd Man In* is the first play to be seen in London by the French dramatist Claude Magnier. Derek Farr and Muriel Pavlow have the parts of husband and wife. They are actually married in private life. This is the first time they have ever been together on any stage. Donald Sinden returns to the theatre after five years of film-making—his films include *The Cruel Sea* and the *Doctor in the House* series. The cast of *Odd Man In* consists of only three players. The plot concerns a wife who is found in a compromising situation with a stranger by her husband. The rest of the play deals with her attempts to prove her innocence. Robin Maugham is responsible for the translation from Magnier's original, and in order to give the comedy an English background, the scene is set in a cottage in Kent.

A DELICATE TALK: Marlowe has a difficult explanation to make to his children, Diana (Miranda Connell) and Simon (Brian Smith), in *Silver Wedding* at the Cambridge Theatre. They have just read passionate letters which various women have written to their father. He explains that he has really loved his wife throughout.

IT'S IN "THE TIMES": So, of course, the news concerning a missing scientist must be reliable, claims Lady Charlton (Marie Löhr) in *Silver Wedding*.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER: Miss Ingrid Bergman, the film actress, stands with her daughter, Jenny Lindstrom, at Le Bourget Aerodrome, in Paris. The latter had just arrived from Stockholm and is the child of Miss Bergman's former marriage to Dr. Lindstrom. Since the actress married the Italian film producer Rossellini she had not seen Jenny. The meeting was their first for eight years. From the airport they drove to the hotel in Paris where Miss Bergman now has her home.

On right—

"SILVER WEDDING": In this scene from Michael Clayton Hutton's comedy at the Cambridge Theatre, Sir Robert Marlowe (Frank Lawton) and his wife, Lady Marlowe (Evelyn Laye) exchange amused glances after receiving identical bedside clocks from their children on the occasion of their silver wedding anniversary. Sir Robert's gift for his wife is a handsome cheque, but her gift to him is the news that she is leaving him to live abroad with a millionaire. In real life, Miss Laye and Mr. Lawton are nearing their own silver wedding. They were married in Yuma, Arizona, in 1934—almost twenty-three years ago. The new play is their first appearance together on the West End stage, although they have starred together on tour.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

BACK TO EXPANSION:

The First of a Weekly Series of Articles on Industrial and Engineering Developments in Great Britain

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

LAST month, for the first time in nearly two years, the official production index that measures the whole output of British industry took a sharp turn for the better. It was none too soon. For these had been two curious and somewhat disconcerting years for British industry: the most rapid and sustained expansion it had managed since the war had been deliberately sliced off level, "flat along the top." Output as a whole, between mid-1955 and mid-1957, never actually fell—though some of the industries that had ridden highest astride the boom took a tumble. But it did stop rising—and so did business confidence. Both, this summer, are again on the upgrade in Britain.

It is true that within a week of that better news about industrial production gilt-edged securities touched an all-time low on the London Stock Exchange. The foreign speculators against sterling who built up a tremendous "bear position" against our currency during the Suez emergency have not yet regained any positive confidence in it. And the Treasury has felt compelled to recognise some loss of confidence in the pound among British investors by stopping the "Kuwait leak," one of the loopholes by which capital could be shifted, at a cost, out of this country into investment in "sounder" foreign economies. Sterling is still on probation; businessmen abroad, and many at home, do not feel that the policies which squeezed the expansion out of British industry for nearly two years really squeezed out inflation as well.

Those policies, however, are now largely water under the bridge. History may give somewhat mixed answers to the questions whether they were entirely justified or successful. But they have left one positive element of change in the British economy to-day—and perhaps the only one offering any real answer to the country's many and various economic problems. They left British industry far better equipped than it has ever been before.

For the boom of 1953-55, which constituted the third surge of expansion in this economy since the war, was in at least one way heartening-ingly different from the others. It showed that the British industrialist was regaining confidence in Britain. In the immediate postwar years, the impetus had come from the simple and obvious needs of reconstruction and redeployment. After 1950, the Government's decision to rearm against external threats had imposed a new demand to push up production. But after 1952, as defence needs were met and indeed began to moderate, expansion was a matter of private business decisions to invest in supplying an emerging, growing market of lively, rather Americanised consumers. The country was still building council houses and power stations; but it also began to build and equip more factories than it had for many years. In the political, social, and industrial atmosphere of Britain there was a new, fresh breeze.

This third boom, rightly or wrongly, was cut off by Government action as the others had been. The brakes were put on to correct an incipient balance of payments crisis. But throughout the whole of the credit squeeze the Government did not cease to praise the private industrial investment that it was making more expensive and to agree that re-equipment and modernisation in industry was a prime need. Nor did businessmen falter. In fairly extensive contacts with British industry over the last two years, I have heard of comparatively few post-ponements of big industrial investment projects, and of no significant cancellations at all. The tempo of re-equip-ment to-day seems as high as ever, though perhaps the rate at which entirely new projects are being put forward and accepted does not quite match that of eighteen months ago. But one seldom visits a factory nowadays whose managers have not new bays going up or foundations made ready for new machines, about the size, efficiency —and price—of which they have prodigious tales to tell.

One sensible reaction to a credit squeeze, from a businessman who is committed to substantial capital investment, is to get the equipment in quickly and get it earning money. By and large, far more British business-men seem to have reacted that way to credit restraint in the last two years than have decided to slow down con-struction until money gets cheaper. A quite vast "park" of new industrial plant and equipment has now been installed in British factories, ready to push output far past the earlier peaks of 1955. In few industries is this new equipment yet being used to anything like its full extent. There have been many arguments and counter-arguments about the size of the increment of national output that will become available when this equipment is fully used. But I see no reason to doubt that it could enable production to rise, for a year or two, quite as fast as in 1954 or 1955. Britain's capacity to produce is greater than it has ever been before.

Nor is capacity simply a matter of extra equipment. New machinery, inevitably, tends to be more efficient than the other machines it replaces or supplements: that is the steady result of scientific advance in all fields of technology, though all the improvements are not equally dramatic. But in addition, throughout the whole acceleration of industrial investment of the last four years, there has been a genuine leavening of mental attitudes inside British industry. This has been primarily managerial, and perhaps largely a reaction to the rapid advancement of scientific techniques for industry and of aggressively self-confident scientific recruits within industry. But on the shop floor, too, in the very prosperous days of 1954-55, one sometimes found the youngish, skilled, highly-paid craftsman greeting certain aspects of automation with gusto rather than defensiveness. One should count this growth of human competence and confidence along with the gleaming new machines in reckoning how Britain's industrial capacity has grown.

How much of that extra capacity can the country afford not to use? That question, admittedly, is usually put the other way round, by people who fear that too rapid a re-expansion of industrial output will once again aggravate inflation at home and weaken Britain's solvency in interna-tional dealings. Yet the lesson of 1956 may have been that to hold production level will not alone extinguish inflation; and that if the other elements in inflation—such as the trades unions and Government spending—continue unchecked, then production that does not rise may merely exacerbate one's problems. As the Government has now declared, rising output, and the higher productivity it will bring in its train, are to-day perhaps the only thing that can moderate the effect of recent wage increases upon internal prices. Internationally, the world market should allow higher exports, and for once Britain seems slightly better placed than some of her main competitors. Once again—indeed as ever—Britain's future rests upon the drive of British industry.

BUILDING FOR BRITAIN'S FUTURE—**WORK GOES AHEAD ON THE WORLD'S FIRST FULL-SCALE COMMERCIAL NUCLEAR POWER STATION: A general view of the No. 1 Reactor pit at the new atomic power station which is being built for the Central Electricity Authority on a site of about 96 acres at Berkeley, on the estuary of the River Severn, in Gloucestershire.** A.E.I.-John Thompson and the associated civil contractors, Balfour, Beatty and Co., Ltd., and John Laing and Son Ltd., started work on the site early in January of this year, and expect to complete the station in about 3¼ years. The order is worth between £30,000,000 and £40,000,000. When completed the station's output will be very nearly 300 mW., instead of the 100-200 mW. put forward in the Government's White Paper programme, and the use of nuclear power will save between 1,000,000 and 2,000,000 tons of coal each year. The plant will consist of two natural uranium, CO_2 gas-cooled, graphite-moderated reactors supplying heat to sixteen boiler units, eight boilers being associated with each reactor and grouped round it to form a complete unit. Each boiler unit will be contained in a cylindrical steel pressure shell approximately 70 ft. high by 17 ft. 6 ins. in diameter. Steam from the boilers will be used to drive four dual-pressure turbo-generators of rather more than 80,000 kilowatts capacity. The two reactors are enlarged and improved versions of those which are in operation at Calder Hall.

Pictures of expanding production in Britain will be found on the following page.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

On right—

SCOTLAND'S NEW COLLIERY

The new colliery at Rothes forms a vital link in the systematic development of the valuable reserves of the Fife coalfield, and will work a deep field of coal lying to the north of Kirkcaldy. It was originally planned by the Fife Coal Company Ltd., and is the last major mining development in Scotland to have been started under private enterprise, although work on its construction could not go ahead until after the war. The dominating features of the colliery are the towers which house the winding equipment immediately above the two shafts. The two tower structures, each approximately 190 ft. high, are of reinforced concrete, with metal frame windows and louvres for ventilation purposes. Each tower has five floors, and the winding is operated by the Koepe system. Running between the two towers is the 930-ft.-long Car Hall which houses the tracks, creepers, rams and brakes used to conduct and control cars from both shafts to the tipplers before returning them to the shafts.

THE MODERN LOOK AT ROTHES COLLIERY : The picture, taken before completion, shows one of the two tall winder towers at the Scottish colliery which has just gone into production.

PREPARING SYNTHETIC RUBBER : The Solution make-up area at the Dunlop Synthetic Rubber Plant in Birmingham, which is situated on a 12-acre site. The main building, which houses the polymerisation units, covers about 11,000 sq. ft.

On left—

PRODUCING SYNTHETIC RUBBER

Research in the fundamental science and technique of synthetic rubbers and the development of the manufacture and technology of the products has been going ahead in the Dunlop Research Centre for many years. With the opening of the new plant at Birmingham at the end of last year, the Company now have an annual output of 1,500 tons which marks an important stage in the development of the industry. The new plant, which has cost £600,000, is highly mechanised so that most of the operations, once started, run without any further assistance until the wrapper is placed by hand round the finished article. The main objectives are the production of general-purpose rubber for tyres, and of the new synthetic rubbers which may be developed in the future. Ordinary general-purpose synthetic rubber is built up from two highly reactive raw materials, butadiene and styrene, which are by-products from oil refineries.

On right—

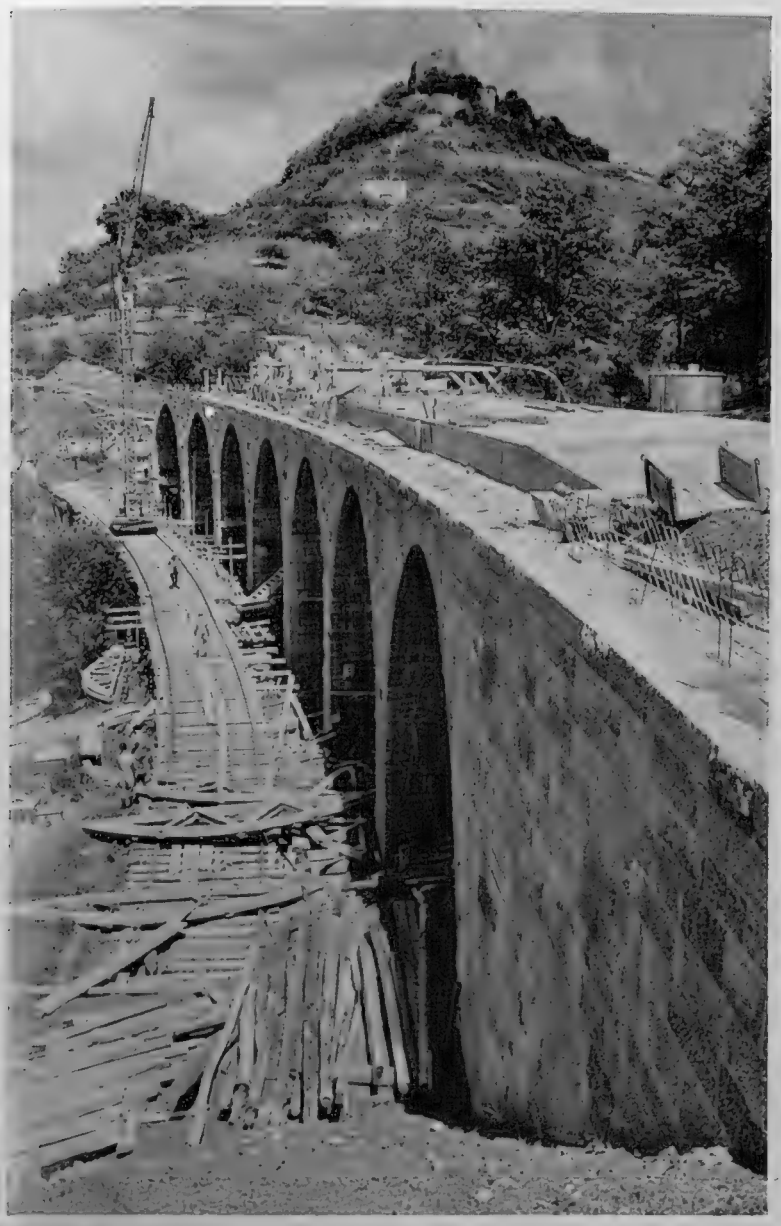
EXPANSION IN TRACTOR PRODUCTION

Since International Harvester's first started tractor production in Britain in 1949, their progress has been marked by a series of introductions of new products and works expansions. Among the most significant of these was the acquisition of a motor-car works at Bradford in October 1954 for the purpose of manufacturing a completely new tractor in the most popular horse-power class. At the nearby plant at Doncaster production lines had already been established for several years for two other types of wheeled tractors and a crawler tractor—all of 50 b.h.p., as well as for other farm equipment. In December 1955, the new B-250 tractor was introduced at Smithfield Show and by the following March it had gone into regular production. Meanwhile, the layout of the entire Bradford works had been changed. New units were added, substantial reconstruction was carried out and much new plant and machinery installed.

The acquisition of the Bradford works gave the company a greatly increased output in Great Britain in addition to their high export figures. They now rate as the major British suppliers of crawler tractors and they are among the top three British suppliers of farm tractors. The factory area exceeds 309,000 sq. ft. and lies on a site extending to 15¼ acres. The current employment in the company's works at Bradford stands at about 1,200.

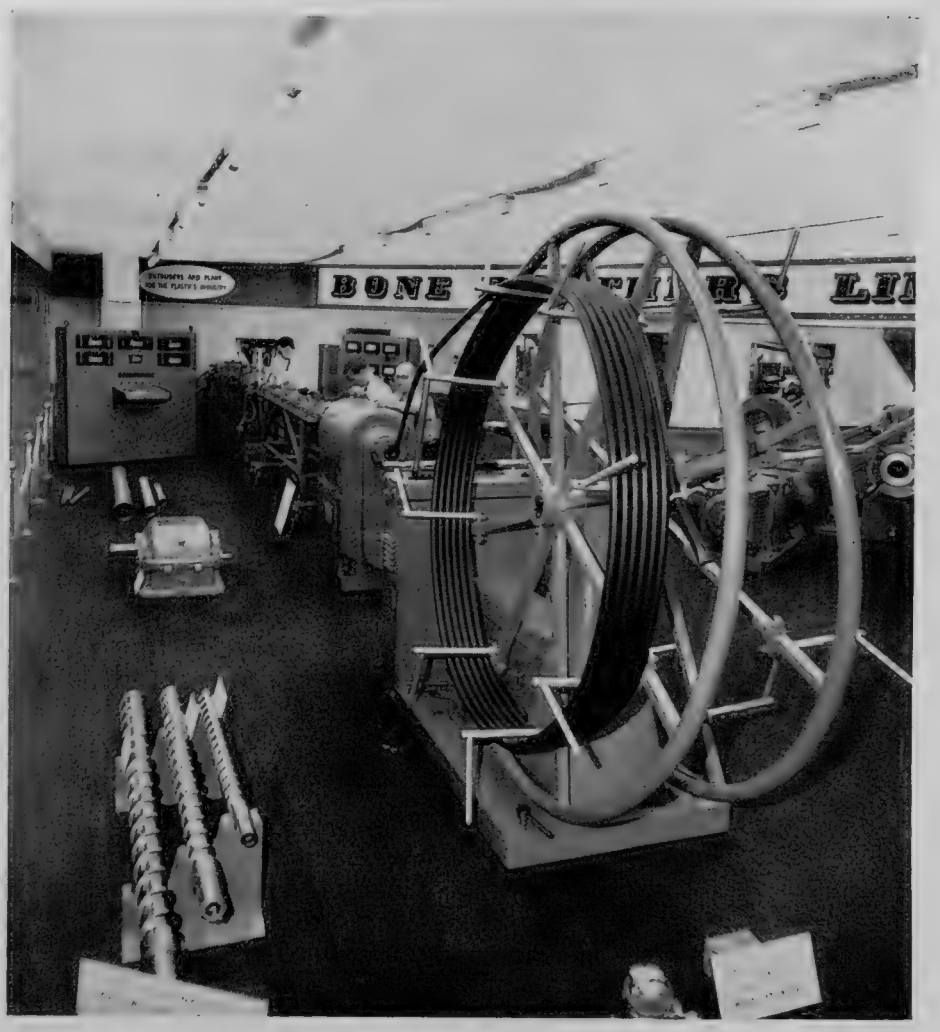
On right—

MAKING TRACTORS AT BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE : The line at the International Harvester works, showing the assembly of the McCormick International B-250 30-h.p. diesel tractor.



A NEW BRIDGE IN GERMANY

Shell-lime is being used to cover this new construction at Trimburg, between Hammelburg and Bad Kissingen, in Bavaria, in Southern Germany. On the hill behind stand the ruins of Trimburg castle, one of the many medieval remains in this district. The arches of the bridge are each 55 ft. high. It will carry traffic on a main road from Bavaria to Thuringia and East Germany. Towering above the partly completed bridge is a tall mobile crane.



BRITISH PLASTICS ON SHOW

The fourth British Plastics Exhibition, which closes to-day at Olympia, in London, is the biggest show of its kind ever staged in this country. More than 250 firms are represented at the show and for the first time there are contributions from foreign countries. In addition to displays of materials, some firms are demonstrating fabrication processes, as well as showing equipment and a full range of finished products. The picture shows the stand of Bone Brothers Ltd., of Alperton, Wembley, where the main features are the extruders which they are building under licence from Frank W. Egan and Co., of New Jersey. Dominating the scene is the 2½-in. extruder fitted with the Willert vapour cooling system which, together with the latest haul-off equipment, has been in operation at certain periods throughout the exhibition. It has been producing polythene piping which is seen being wound round the big coiler. As well as the exhibition at Olympia, there have also been sessions of the British Plastics Convention in the conference hall, and an international design display of products.

FRANCE'S LATEST ATOMIC REACTOR

France's latest atomic reactor, at Saclay, outside Paris, which was recently inaugurated by the French Minister of Finance, M. Gaillard, is known as E.L.3. A general view of it is *on the left*. In the picture *above* M. Lonchamboy (centre), President of the Supreme Council of Scientific Research, explains a diagram of the pile to M. Jacques Robert (left), Assistant to the Chief of the Department for the Study of Atomic Piles, and M. François Bernard, State Secretary for Scientific Research. The purpose of Saclay is not to produce nuclear energy but to train technicians in nuclear production and to engage on research and study. In fact, it is the French equivalent of the Atomic Research Station at Harwell. The French pile is a high-flow material testing reactor, fed with enriched uranium which is obtained under bilateral agreement from Britain.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

NEW ROADS FOR BRUSSELS

The roads of Brussels are now undergoing a major reconstruction. The operations will be completed at the end of the year and by the time the Brussels World Exhibition opens its doors next April it is anticipated that the capital's severe traffic problems will have been solved once and for all.

The Ministry of Public Works is spending £15,000,000 of Road Fund money on its two-year programme, apart from the expenditure of the City of Brussels, which has maintained its autonomy for the work in the central city. The most spectacular work on the new plans is on the innermost ring—the five miles of the Little Belt boulevard which follows the line of the old-time fortifications finally removed about a century ago. Some, but not many, of the trees have had to be sacrificed and the central carriageway will go underground as a four-track road beneath four main crossings and overhead for nearly half a mile. The crossing at the Porte de Louise is one of the most important. The avenue Louise brings in heavy suburban and out-of-town traffic from the Charleroi and Namur sides but, for a furlong before it crosses the boulevard, the total width abruptly narrows from 175 ft. to 66 ft. in a big shopping area.

The theoretical capacity at the crossing is 48,000 cars per day and, in a recent census, the number was found to be as high as 40,000. The plan is to raise the capacity to 135,000 cars besides increasing the parking space. Not only is the boulevard to be taken underground at the crossing, but the avenue Louise will tunnel below the bottleneck and under the boulevard tunnel, at a maximum depth of 47 ft. There is to be an underground lane for traffic which wants to turn northwards into the boulevard, and the straight-line tunnel, emerging after 736 yards, in front of the Palais de Justice, will, at some future date, have its roadway carried over the rooftops into the lower city.

At the northern end, the through traffic will pass underground before the corner is turned and before the road plunges downhill. It will emerge in a new road through the side of the Botanical Gardens where there will be a drain-off road into the main shopping area. The through-road will go underground again by the Palace Hotel, to avoid the congestion of trains, and, emerging briefly, will pass overhead in a three-lane road past the heliport and across the canal. The overhead road, of prestressed concrete, will be supported on central pillars and will have no railings.

A "FLY-UNDER" ROAD: The newly-opened "fly-under" tunnel at the crossing of La rue de la Loi and le Boulevard du Regent, in Brussels, is one of many roads of its kind being built in an endeavour to solve the growing traffic problem. It is anticipated that these new "fly-under" and "fly-over" roads will abolish traffic bottlenecks which occur frequently in the Belgian capital.

A "FLY-OVER" ROAD: A car is about to pass under one of the "fly-over" roads at a point where it spans a new dual highway linking Brussels and the airport. Air passengers can now reach the airport fifteen minutes after leaving the capital.

MORE NEW "FLY-OVER" ROADS: *On left*—Another view of a "fly-over" road in the course of construction. In the foreground the tram service operates as usual, and in the background a helicopter can be seen parked at Brussels heliport. *On right*—A partially-constructed "fly-over" which, when completed, will be over a mile long. It will take motorists from the Place Regier over the canal so that they can pick up a new road which will join the Ostend and Antwerp highway.

LUNCHEON INTERVAL AT THE ANNUAL ETON AND HARROW MATCH AT LORD'S: Some of the visitors stroll across the ground which is bathed in sunshine at the luncheon interval on the second day of the match. Despite the bright intervals, however, there was much rain during the two days of the match and the game was left drawn, with Eton leading on the first innings. Harrow had gone in to bat first and declared at 183 for nine shortly before lunch on the second day. Their highest scorer was J. D. C. Vargas, who made 50. E. J. Lane-Fox took 4 for 14. In reply, Eton's score stood at 204 for six when stumps were drawn. W. G. A. Clegg made 77 and A. R. B. Burrows was 68 not out.

THE TRADITIONAL SCENE: Spectators watch from their coaches on the first day (Friday) of the match. When the rain came some of the visitors remained on the coaches with umbrellas as the only form of protection against the inclement weather. Among the visitors at Lord's for the two-day match were the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, who spent part of the Friday with their younger son, Prince Richard. He remained behind to watch the game after his parents had left.

SUN AND RAIN AT LORD'S

Contrasts in the Weather at the Eton and Harrow Match, which was Left Drawn

THE UMBRELLAS GO UP: The two pictures show the spectators sheltering from the rain on the first day of the match, when play was restricted by the bad weather. There was a short delay at the start of the match and the first of the heavy storms came during the luncheon interval. Subsequently, play was only possible for a short time during the afternoon. By the end of the day Harrow, whose captain, L. J. Champniss, had won the toss and decided to bat first, were 101 for four.

ON THE SHORES OF THE NORTH COAST OF SICILY: Primitive buildings are crowded together on the waterfront of Cefalu, which is almost midway along the nort coast the island. The town, like many others in Sicily, is of ancient foundation and was severely sacked by the Saracens in 858. Its industries to-day are sardine- hing a quarrying. Cefalu is a stopping-place on the "Golden Ribbon" coach tour from Palermo, which takes three days. Other historic towns are included in t e circu

The Sphere of Travel

THE DELIGHTS OF SICILY

By GORDON COOPER

MANY travellers know the disappointment which can result on returning to places visited long ago. People and things seem changed, and there is, as a result, an inevitable feeling of disillusionment. It was, therefore, with some trepidation that I set out recently on a tour of Sicily, where, twenty years ago, I lived for some months. In those distant days I explored almost every place of interest on this delightful island.

Naturally I was afraid that the island might have changed for the worse. I am glad to say that in almost every way my fears proved to be groundless. In addition, I found Sicily to-day offers many welcome improvements for the traveller: the main roads are now excellent, hotel standards have risen considerably, and the wretched poverty of the mass of the people, which used to be such a depressing sight, has now been considerably alleviated. Most important of all, the old-time blight of malaria has been abolished.

Scenically, Sicily is as lovely a land as any in Europe. Dominating much of its beauty is snow-capped Mount Etna, to which the eye cannot fail to be drawn, time and again. Then there is the Conca d'Oro, the famous garden shaped like a shell, near Palermo. Its groves are decked with oranges and olives. Its orchards are fragrant with the scent of medlars and almonds, and the flowers are multitudinously beautiful. There are many other scenes to enchant the sight.

Above all, however, it is the combination of glorious scenic background with many superb monuments which draws one to the island colonised since the Phœnicians by successive civilisations of the ancient and medieval worlds. It was Cardinal Newman who claimed that Sicily, with the possible exception of Egypt, was the most interesting country on earth. I hold this opinion, too. For there you find so many splendid classical and Norman remains. The spell of Syracuse (according to Cicero "The greatest of Greek cities, the fairest of all cities"), the wonderful spectacle of the temples at Agrigento, the tragic beauty of Selinunte, the incredible landscape around Segesta, and the precious remains of the Norman dynasty in Palermo, Monreale and Cefalu, all blend into a unique pattern.

It was exciting, too, to make new discoveries on my recent tour. Outstanding was the Roman villa near Piazza Armerina. In the ruins of this former huge and sumptuous building are some of the finest mosaic floors in existence, most of them in a splendid state of preservation. Then, in the Æolian archipelago, there are some remarkab remains, including a prehistoric village on Panaria—t best preserved and constructed Bronze Age vill ge ever come to light in Italy—and the rewarding excav tions th have taken place on the citadel of Lipari. Here are expos no fewer than seven archæological deposits in chronologic layers with rich traces of all the epochs from the Ston Age onwards. Nearby is an important muse m, whe among the exhibits are Hellenic vases with figures an designs in blue colouring.

As it is doubtful whether any travel agent could supp practical advice regarding a visit to the Æoli n Island I will give some brief details. Milazzo (40 miles fro Messina) is the main port of embarkation for the seve islands of the group, but there is one weekly connectio (each way) with Naples. Lipari, the largest-island, is t best base from which to visit the others, and it is the on place, at present, where there is comfortable accommod tion (the Swiss-run Pension Diana can be recommended Stromboli and Vulcano cater mainly for under-wate exploration groups, while on Panaria, Alicudi, Filicu and Salina only rather primitive *locandas* exist.

In addition to the archæological sites I have mentione digging up the past is being actively carried on in vario parts of Sicily. Not least among the enthusiasts is t British Vice-Consul in Syracuse, who believes he ca bring out from the depths of the Great Harbour th Athenian fleet which was sunk in the naval battle of 413 B with the Syracusans.

This enthusiasm for exposing ancient sites is no however, popular with many local farmers. I was to that often when a peasant turns up some amphora or re on his land he hastens to hide it away rather than repo its discovery. In some cases he may even "salt" a dislike neighbour's soil with the article, informing the authoriti at the same time of its presence there!

From the ordinary tourist's point of view, Taormi is the outstanding resort. Frankly, this superbly situate town, with perhaps the finest panoramic view in Ita rather disappointed me. Not, I might add, because scenic appeal has in any way lessened, but because it h fallen a victim to mass tourism. As a result, it has lo much of its former elegant and peaceful charm. Durin the summer months at least, its one-way street is packe with jostling groups, mostly Germans. I found, too, general lowering of standards in its hotels, although imagine this complaint might disappear during the wint

SICILY

For further information:

Italian State Tourist Department, 201, *Regent Street, W.*1.
Alitalia, 199, *Regent Street, W.*1.
C.I.T., 10, *Charles II Street, S.W.*1.

There are also Provincial Tourist Boards (Enti Provinciali per il Turismo) in Agrigento, Caltanissetta, Enna, Palermo, Ragusa, Syracuse and Trapani, and local tourist offices in several centres, including Taormina.

Recommended Hotels:

Palermo: Villa Igiea; Mondello Palace.
Syracuse: Villa Politi; Bellavista.
Catania: Excelsior.
Taormina: Timeo; Pensions Pancrazio, Riis, Desirée.

There are "Jolly" hotels in Palermo, Messina, Agrigento, Cefalu, Piazza Armerina, Caltagirone, and others are in course of construction.

TRAVEL TIPS

If you're going abroad to a hot country in August and September, I strongly advise you take a Thermos flask with you, primarily to keep cold drinks cold. It will save you pounds, apart from being a most welcome friend in need. I fill my own flask with iced mint tea—more thirst-reducing than the ordinary iced soft drinks, which are often thirst-creating. Take a small camp saucepan which heats up on "Meta" tablets (obtainable in most places); also, of course, a supply of tea. A light pair of slippers eases the feet greatly on train, bus and air journeys, as well as being helpful in walking over shingle beaches. I find a black alpaca jacket, an air pillow and a solidified stick of eau-de-Cologne contributes to physical comfort; and that a small supply of glucose sweets tides over exhaustion. Don't forget your sun-glasses, and to carry around one's odds and ends (camera, bathing-suit, map, etc.) I buy locally a cheap grass carrier-bag. Not being self-conscious, I make constant use of a small fan when I am hot. Mosquitoes are a pest in many places. Chemists sell ointments and salves for warding them off or alleviating their bites. A small shoe-cleaning outfit is useful if you are moving around, especially in Spain. Almost everywhere in that country, as well as in France and Italy, a pair of ear-plugs can well ensure a restful night's sleep. Finally, have your hair cut before leaving home. It can cost up to £1 abroad.

CICERO'S "FAIREST OF ALL CITIES" AS IT IS TO-DAY: Fine buildings have lain along the quays of the harbour at Syracuse in ancient and modern times. The port has been the scene of many notable battles from the Peloponnesian War to the Allied landings in 1943. In the town the cathedral embodies the remains of a Doric temple and the museum contains a valuable collection of antiquities. Modern Syracuse, with a population of around 72,000, produces chemicals, salt, wine and earthenware.

and early spring season. That is, of course, the best climatic time to pay a visit. I suggest that accommodation in one or other of the pensions, some of which are excellent, will suit best most visitors' needs, especially if they intend staying there more than a day or two. While I give three recommendations of pensions in the accompanying list, I think a Sicilian spring visitor might prefer to lodge for a day or two in an hotel and make his own selection on the spot. The local tourist office is helpful.

Unfortunately, outside Taormina, the prospective visitor has a limited choice of accommodation. This is a pity, for much of Sicily's north coast, with its fine sands, offers considerable appeal. There are, however, two excellent hotels close to Palermo, and I liked the position of the Villa Politi in Syracuse, although its charges seemed to me to be unnecessarily high. Dotted about the island, too, are some "Jolly" hotels—they are so-called from the name of the hotel chain or group—but they are mainly intended for passing travellers and they are often sited in rather noisy positions. For cuisine, I found the new Excelsior in Catania to be the best.

For those who wish to visit the main centres and classical sites of Sicily, I can recommend C.I.A.T.'s "Golden Ribbon" tour which embraces Palermo, Sefesta, Erice, Selinunte, Agrigento, Piazza Armerina, Syracuse, Catania, Etna, Taormina, Messina, Tindari and Cefalu. The circuit, from Palermo back to Palermo, takes five days, but you are allowed to break the journey at will, which is what I would recommend. Palermo, Syracuse and Taormina certainly merit more than an overnight stay. Comfortable motor-coaches are used; each coach is accompanied by an English-speaking hostess; and you are deposited and collected from the hotels in which you stay. Without a doubt, this is an excellent way to travel round the island, for otherwise communications are not always easy, unless you hire a car (self-drive) which can easily be arranged in the main centres. There is one firm which allows you to hand over the car at any of its other branches. Generally speaking, the main roads do not carry dense traffic.

It is usually advisable to book your hotel accommodation in advance, especially in the "Jolly" hotels which are often full up. Should you telegraph for a reservation, learn from my experience and send your wire marked "Urgente"; otherwise it may only get to its destination after your own arrival. Incidentally, Sicily has some excellent youth hostels open to those under thirty years of age. The building at Syracuse, situated by Fort Euryalus, is especially delightful. The all-in charge for bed, breakfast and two main meals is only 1,000 lire (about 12s.), which is far cheaper than what one would have to pay in even a third-class hotel.

The quickest way to arrive in Sicily is by the direct air service operated by Alitalia between London and Catania, with intermediate halts at Milan and Rome. The air journey (including the halts) takes only eight hours. From Catania, there is a connecting motor-coach service with Taormina, also linking train services in other directions. You can also fly from Rome and Naples to Palermo. But to reach this city my own preference would be to make the overnight journey by ship from Naples. You would then have the joy of looking out at dawn on one of the finest sea approaches in the world.

HOW YOUR HOLIDAYS ARE SHAPED

Some of the most prominent hoteliers from twenty-five countries assembled recently in Madrid for a meeting of the executive committee of the International Hotel Association. They met under the presidency of Villads Olsen, of Denmark, and exchanged views on topics which concern international hotel business. Other items included relations with travel agents; the modernisation of hotel equipment, and the means of promoting holiday travel in Europe. During their stay in Madrid the members of the committee were the guests of Mr. Georges Marquet, President of European Hotels, and of the new Castellana Hilton Hotel, of which Mr. Gerald de Shrenck Sill is the General Director. Many European countries, including England, Spain, Portugal, Italy and Germany, are now rapidly expanding hotel facilities. Two examples in Lisbon are the palatial Ritz, which is being constructed under the supervision of Mr. Marquet, and the new Tivoli.

HOTELIERS MEET IN MADRID: From the left are Hugh Wontner, Chairman and Managing Director of the Savoy Hotel, London (and Vice-President of the International Hotel Association); J. G. Meijer, of The Hague (Vice-President); E. Jiménez-Millas, President of the Spanish Hotel Association; Georges Marquet, Honorary Member; Villads Olsen (President); and Pierre Depret (Secretary-General).

TOPICAL NOTES

With the aid of the new "Freedom of the Line" railway ticket costing £9 for a whole week on the London Midland Region, a magnificent tour could be arranged, covering Derbyshire, Snowdonia, the Lake District and the Border Country. If you travel with your wife, the price is cut to £8 each, and if your enthusiasm compels you to take your small son or daughter with you, add another £4. There are 4,000 miles of railway routes to choose from and you can travel by any train, whether it be the Royal Scot or the local that runs between Llandudno Junction and Bettws-y-Coed.

There is good news for motorists who have only just made up their minds about taking their cars to the Continent this summer. On the Dover-Boulogne route additional car-ferry services have been arranged from July 22 to August 8, with a similar return service from August 12 to September 8. The times are unusual—departure is from Dover at 11 p.m. and arrival at Boulogne at 12.30 a.m. Nevertheless, many will welcome the opportunity of travelling overnight on comparatively clear roads, thus saving a night's stop en route. For the return journey, departure is from Boulogne at 11.30 p.m. and arrival at Dover at 1.30 a.m.

W. D. C. C.

The World of Books: By VERNON FANE

TWO ASPECTS OF FRANCE

Exploring Paris and Explaining the French Character; a Brilliant Exposition on Radiation; Evelyn Waugh's New Story and other Novels

WHAT better reading for a summer's day than a light-hearted record of two English girls on a visit to Paris? Miss Oriel Malet writes of the *ville lumière* in a way that is not sufficiently practised or admired: that of the traveller who looks, longs and possibly loves but doesn't seek to identify himself with the city or claim complete familiarity with it. The Paris of JAM TO-DAY (Gollancz. 15s.) is not the Frenchwoman's Paris or the chic expatriates'. It is the Paris in which two young English people can make their own discoveries and come to accept the strangeness as well as the delights. And it is the perfect background to this slight but charming book about Flavia and her friends.

Mr. David Schoenbrun's book provides a fairly startling contrast although it, too, treats of Paris and again is a foreigner's approach to the country. AS FRANCE GOES (Gollancz. 21s.) is not quite as objective as has been claimed for it but it is a reasoned and serious (and sometimes witty) enquiry into what makes up the French character, French politics and the French way of life in general. There might be Frenchmen who would take umbrage at the bright little band of words on the cover: "Why can't they fight? Why can't they keep a government in office? Why don't they pay their taxes? Why don't their lifts work? Why do they cling to each colony until they have earned its hatred? Why do they have parties like the Socialist-Monarchists, the Party of the Non-Parties, and the Independent Independents?" But this isn't primarily, of course, a book for Frenchmen and I think that their American and English contemporaries are going to find it very stimulating reading.

A NEW LIBRARY FOR NIGERIA: Dr. Azikiwe, Premier of the Eastern Region of Nigeria (second from left), is shown some of the features of a model of a proposed new library to be built at Enugu, the capital of the Eastern Region, by Mr. James Cubitt, the architect, at the latter's London home. Also in the picture are Mr. Ojiako (extreme left) and Mr. David Anderson, chairman of the Eastern Region Library Board (on the right). The building, upon which it is planned to start soon, will be the first permanent library erected in the capital.

The next two books take us a good deal further afield. THE CACTUS OF LOVE (Alvin Redman. 25s.) is about travels in Mexico and is by that pertinacious Dane, Mr. Karl Eskelund, who gives the impression in his books that he takes as much pleasure in writing of his travels as in experiencing them. A satisfactory state of affairs from the reader's point of view since it makes for a lively and spontaneous book. In the present one Mr. Eskelund writes of civilisation new and ages-old, of grasping peasants and fishermen who work as little as possible and drink as much as they can, and of markets and temples and ruins. Spirited stuff and highly informative, in an undidactic way.

THE TRUMPETING HERD (Rupert Hart-Davis. 16s.) is by a man well qualified to write about wild animals and big game since he is an Agricultural Officer in Northern Nyasaland. In Africa, that quiet-sounding office has duties unknown to an English shire. Mr. Guy Muldoon had, as one of his tasks, to drive a herd of marauding elephants away from the cultivated lands where they came for food into a national reserve. The fact that he accomplished this with only a small band of native assistants and against immense difficulties is a proof of the kind of man he is. It is also the basis for some of the best tales in this collection of splendid animal lore.

RADIATION: *What it is and How it Affects You* (Heinemann. 18s.) by two distinguished American scientists, Drs. Schubert and Lapp, answers, as the title implies, questions which are in everybody's mind to-day. It is written clearly and in language which everyone can understand and deserves to be the most sensational best-seller in the English language at the moment. Human nature being what it is, there is no chance of that, however, for no matter how potent their fears people tend to bury them with ostrich-like obstinacy. To this reviewer two astonishing revelations emerge. The first is that the positive danger from the exposure of industrial workers to radio-active poisons (even the wearers of luminous-dialled watches are exposed) and the widespread use of X-rays and radium in medical and dental practice is every day affecting to an alarming degree the health of millions. The second is the attitude of the medical profession and those industrial concerns which deliberately cover up these dangers. No less a person than Dr. H. J. Muller, a Nobel Prize winner, underlines this point by saying: "Those who for thirty years have been trying to cover up, in order that they may continue 'Business As Usual,' may be expected to raise loud protests, for the public will be shocked to know what has been going on under the shelter of professional silence."

As for the all-important question, the effect of atomic- and hydrogen-bomb explosions, the same distinguished scientist says: "In this book the public is told clearly and interestingly by men who know what they are talking about and who pull no punches." I have a feeling that if this book were to sell by the million the politicians would be compelled to abandon their mad race without further argument.

A prosecution under the law of obscene libel involving an author and a publisher in appearances at Bow Street and the Old Bailey, together with the petty drama of intrigue in the publisher's office and the impact of the action on the author's private life, his friends, his fiancée and his prospective in-laws, make up the plot of TENDENCY TO CORRUPT (Cassell. 15s.), by Mr. R. E. Barker. Most people, I imagine, regard the publishing of books as a leisurely and dignified occupation. If they tackle this novel they will be amazed by the story of tense emotionalism and squalid trickiness which goes on in the publisher's office. The publisher's wife, moreover, is a dim creature who sits at home while her husband entertains his ex-secretary to dinner and quite rightly complains that she can never help him as he never tells her anything. Martin Storme, the author, is a feckless, neurotic type who collapses under the strain unhelped by cynical friends and an indignant fiancé. Everyone knows that the law relating to obscene libel is under revision and I hope that Mr. Barker's cautionary tale will help towards the removal of the idiotic implications of the late Chief Justice Cockburn.

Mr. Evelyn Waugh's newest literary excursion into fact and fantasy is THE ORDEAL OF GILBERT PINFOLD (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.), a sprightly though slightly alarming story about an author who takes a sea voyage to Ceylon to improve his poor health and while at sea suffers from hallucinations. From these and from the delusory voices he hears, he gathers that he is at the centre of plots and counter-plots concerning now himself, now a Spanish conspiracy, now the machinations of a family of four who, oddly enough, do not appear on the passenger list. Three years ago, we are told, Mr. Waugh had the disconcerting experience of suffering from a brief attack of hallucinations and since it is a state of particular interest to a narrative writer, we are to gather that this book is a result. Unlike the experience itself, the story is mildly amusing.

THE ROCK (Cassell. 16s.) is about the one and only Rock—Gibraltar, as it was in the most perilous days of its history, during the last war. As a naval officer of fourteen years standing, Mr. Warren Tute knows what he is writing about and this big, vital novel of his is at least as good as his earlier work, *The Cruiser*. The Rock in wartime was in a position of the greatest importance. It was from Gibraltar that Force H, headed by the famous battle cruiser *Hood* and the aircraft-carrier *Ark Royal*, sailed against the Italian fleet and practically wiped them off the seas. The French fleet was immobilised from here, the *Bismarck* was hunted and the most suicidal of all convoys sailed for Malta. Beside this background of history, Mr. Tute has shown the life of the Rock as it applies to the Governor, to the Gibraltarians, to the Spanish workers coming in daily to the dockyards, to the Royal Marines garrisoned there and, of course, to the Royal Navy. An admirable and full-blooded novel.

A GREAT EXPLORER

A Novel about Captain Cook's Death

The records of Captain Cook's last voyage are detailed and complete. While certain long-term prejudices exist with regard to Cook's activities in Hawaii, it can be said that his name and fame are secure. It was upon the third voyage, initiated primarily to settle the question of the North-West Passage, that Cook met his death, being overpowered by natives after landing in the bay of Kealakekua to recover a boat stolen from the *Discovery*. This deeply dramatic material Mr. O. A. Bushnel has welded into a novel of power and obvious authenticity. THE LAST DAYS OF CAPTAIN COOK (Chatto and Windus. 15s.) concentrates upon that fateful month at Kealakekua when Cook's men, after months of voyaging, sought the comforts of the land, for the most part "eating and wenching" and only avoiding strong drink because the bitter *awa* of the natives was not to their liking. Mr. Bushnel's descriptions of this seemingly idyllic and corrupting existence reveal the intensity of his reading—"It was easy to take things among that gentle people, and in those weeks of our lying-over we took all that we could from them. Not only food and gifts and women did we take, not only the labour of their hands and the provender of their lovely island. We also took from them their innocence... we left them diseased and discontented."

The story is vividly told by one of Captain Cook's midshipmen who shows us many scenes of shipboard and island life. The mounting tension and the climax when Cook is murdered, the captain who had permitted himself to be worshipped as a god, could hardly have been better done, and the characters of William Bligh, the ship's master, and the conspiring Ledyard are brilliantly drawn.

The chief events of the life of Thomas Dover, the "quicksilver" doctor who rescued Alexander Selkirk in the course of an eventful voyage round the world, are well known and have been fully recorded. Much of this material has been set down in medical papers and in articles in the lay press, and he has not lacked biographers. Kenneth Dewhurst has delved once again into Dover's active life and the result is most rewarding. THE QUICKSILVER DOCTOR (John Wright. 21s.) is shown as a man of quick temper, who could not easily agree with those about him, but withal a bluff, hearty, headstrong Englishman with some very likeable qualities. A valuable appendix deals in detail with the controversial question of whether Dover introduced Selkirk to Defoe in a tavern in Bristol. It has often been held that from this meeting *Robinson Crusoe* was created. After examining all the evidence, Mr. Dewhurst very rightly doubts this legend.

Count Basie, that brilliant natural band leader and musician, formed his own band in Kansas City twenty years ago and has kept it going ever since, although for a few lean years around 1950 financial difficulties became so acute that he was forced to work with a few leading soloists. In COUNT BASIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (Gollancz. 21s.) Raymond Horricks, who won golden opinions with his book on *Modern Jazz*, sets the scene to perfection, not least in the cosmopolitan atmosphere of Kansas City, where in the early '30's there was a tradition of competitive "jamming." This is a book essentially for jazz-lovers and jazz enthusiasts, but it has a wider interest, too; for it is the revelation of a way of life and an art form of which some of us know little or nothing.

Colonel J. H. Williams has written yet another delightful book on the animal world which he knows and loves so well. THE SPOTTED DEER (Hart Davis. 21s.) is, for the most part, an account of life in the wilds of the Andamans. Its theme is trust, the trust between man and beast, which Colonel Williams reveals as such a very precious and delicate link and very well worth the forging by those who are willing to learn how it may be done. The line-drawings by Stuart Tresilian are a notable addition to a well-produced book.

Two more books on the wild are Earl Denman's ANIMAL AFRICA (Robert Hale. 18s.) and William Baze's TIGER TIGER (Elek Books. 18s.). Earl Denman has wide experience of going unarmed among wild animals. He has a proper respect for the true naturalist sportsman, but he shows the falsity of the pictures so often painted by the big game hunters whose ruthless policies of extermination have wrought such havoc on the African continent. Mr. Denman's book will be read with great interest for, in common with Colonel Williams, he shares a true sympathy with the creatures of the wild. William Baze's is a story of adventure in the Indo-Chinese jungle. The strange unpredictable behaviour of the tiger is his theme, its nobility, its savagery, and its cunning. This is a remarkable book based, like those mentioned above, on the closest of observation and a wealth of experience.

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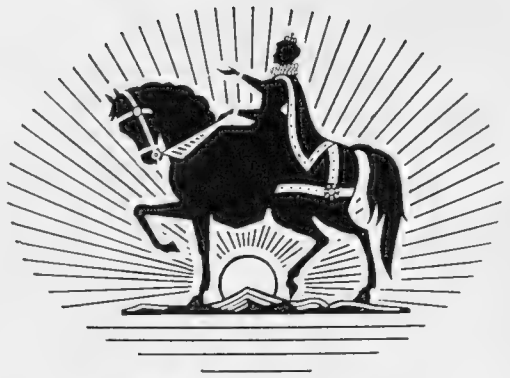

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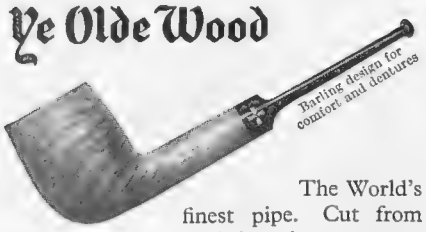

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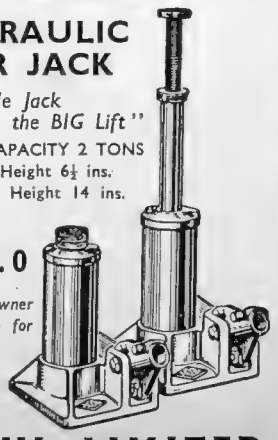

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EISTEDDFOD IN THE RAIN

The Weather Interrupts Many of the Events at the Llangollen International Eisteddfod

NORWEGIAN CHOIR AT THE LLANGOLLEN EISTEDDFOD : Attired in their national costume, members of the Oslo Choir (Hanches Kor), from the Norwegian capital, make their way up a steep, twisting hill at Llangollen, in Wales. They were on their way to the eleventh international musical Eisteddfod. Entries from twenty-seven different countries were received for this year's Eisteddfod.

The annual International Eisteddfod, held at Llangollen, in Denbighshire, North Wales, did not live up to its reputation as a "fine weather festival" this year. Heavy rain fell during several of the afternoons and thousands of spectators, (including overseas visitors) and competitors had to seek shelter in a number of the smaller marquees in the grounds. In the main pavilion the contests continued uninterrupted. People from twenty-seven different countries, many of them in national costume, participated in the Eisteddfod. Lord Hailsham, the Minister of Education, was present at some of the events..

WALKING ON STILTS: Wearing flowing capes, decorated berets and cummerbunds, these two shepherds from Bordeaux, in France, show how easy it is to retain their balance while "walking in the air." Their feet are inserted in small hoops fixed to the inside of the stilts, and straps secure their legs at the top of the poles.

On right—

A BAND FROM BRUSSELS : Led by a flag-bearer, a band from Brussels, in Belgium, strikes up a tune as it passes through one of the streets of Llangollen. Most of the members of the band are children.

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First-class Hotel, once home of David Garrick. 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine; fully licensed; phones all rooms; suites with private bath. Hard tennis. Putting, Billiards, Swimming Pool. Adjoins Hendon Golf Club. Sunnyhill 3341-4.

LONDON. QUEENSBERRY COURT HOTEL

South Kensington, S.W.7, where Ashley Courtenay often stays (10 mins. West End). 41 bedrooms, some private baths and showers. Cocktail Bar. TV. Tel.: Ken. 3693.

NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON. HOWARD HOTEL

Situated on the boundary of the City and West End, yet free from the noise and bustle of the main thoroughfare. There are 200 rooms, many with private bath. Restaurant—Cocktail Bar—Rooms for Meetings and private functions. A few minutes from Waterloo Air Terminal. By TEMPLE and ALDWYCH Stations. Brochure and quotations for individual requirements forwarded on request. *Telephone:* Temple Bar 4400.

LLANDUDNO, N. Wales. ST. GEORGES HOTEL

First on the front for cuisine, service and entertainment. Come and share the sea and scenery with us! Enjoy our excellent cuisine, ballroom and cocktail lounge. Free Golf. Tel.: 7873.

LYTHAM ST. ANNES. CLIFTON ARMS

Business Executives visiting industrial Lancashire would do well to stay and entertain at this first-class hotel with quiet sea aspect, rather than in a less healthier and noisier town. Tel.: Lytham 6245. Express trains all parts.

ST. IVES, CORNWALL. ST. IVES BAY HOTEL

Unrivalled position overlooking sea and sands. 52 bedrooms (some with private bath). Excellent cuisine. Dancing twice weekly. Tennis Courts. Service garage. Licensed. Write for brochure or Tel.: 106.

SIDMOUTH, Devon. THE BELMONT

A first-class hotel with fine sea-front position. Noted for its catering and comfort. Refined, unostentatious. No dancing or music. Suites. Private bathrooms. Lift. Fully licensed. Tel.: 1555.

SIDMOUTH, S. DEVON. THE VICTORIA

We cater for all ages at all seasons. Recreation or recuperation. Scenery. Sunshine, Sea Air, Beauty Salon. Billiards. Bedside telephones and radio. Cocktail lounge and TV. COME AND BE SPOILT! Tel.: 951.

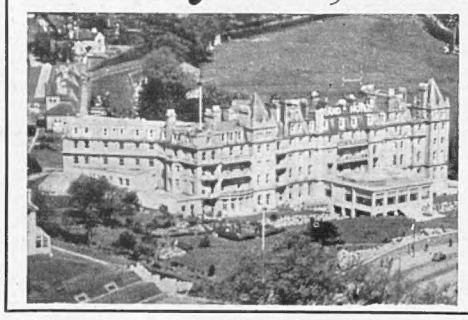
SHERBORNE, DORSET. DIGBY HOTEL

A favourite "half-way house" between London and the West; Birmingham and the South. First-class base for exploring the Hardy country. Fully licensed. Quietly positioned near Abbey Church. Tel.: 23.

WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. OATLANDS PARK HOTEL

One of Britain's best-run Country Hotels, only 30 mins. from London's West End. Own Swimming Pool, Sporting Golf Course, Tennis, Squash, Dancing, Billiards, Bowls—all free to residents. 60 acres grounds. 150 rooms (many with private bath). Self-contained suites. Moderate inclusive terms. Brochure. Weybridge 4242.

TORQUAY, GRAND HOTEL



It's a good address for all ages at all times. Something for every member of the family to do. Squash, tennis, golf, billiards and dancing all free to residents. 200 bedrooms (many with private bathrooms), and a personal service. Joint Managers, Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Paul.

Tel.: 25234.

LATE SUMMER HOLIDAYS SHOULD BE ARRANGED NOW. It is true that the school holiday period season starts to ebb early in September but of recent years hotels, in many cases, have remained well booked up, not only up to the period of the harvest moon but until the last russet leaves have fluttered off the trees. So it is wise to plan now.

If you are thinking of a motoring holiday, prior booking destroys the pleasure of independence, for three-quarters of the joy of having a car is to stop and move on again when one likes. For such, let me repeat what I have written more than once. When you have not booked ahead, plan to stop for the night by teatime. You will then be some two hours ahead of the majority of others on the road who keep going until nightfall.

Apart from the surety of comfortable quarters for the night it does provide the opportunity to see something of the town or village in which you will be a temporary visitor.

Of course, there is much in favour of choosing a fixed holiday base from which one can radiate. By doing so one avoids the mental anxiety of where to lay one's head on following nights and the joy of having one's clothes hanging in a wardrobe rather than crushed in a suitcase. After the spell of hot weather we have been having (I am typing these lines at 6 a.m. to avoid the heat of the day), my thoughts go first to some places where I know the air will be invigorating and I could be braced up and ready to face the coming winter.

I find the Norfolk and Suffolk coast suits me admirably. There 's a tang in the air which provides added zest for that Yarmouth bloater for breakfast and Cromer crab salad for lunch.

For those keen on being on the water, the Norfolk Broads are an obvious thought but such people are, for the most part, independent of hotels, living in their own or hired craft. Some will prefer the more exciting form of sailing which has to take into account tides and wind and, for such, The Blakeney Hotel at Blakeney would be a wise choice. A largish hotel of sixty bedrooms, one is bound to find others with similar interests. Not that "messing about in boats" is the only pursuit. Some go to the Blakeney Hotel as a centre for a golfing holiday, playing over, as the mood dictates, Sheringham, Brancaster and Hunstanton courses.

Another hotel with out-of-school-holiday appeal is Roseacre, a twenty-one-bedroom country house situated pleasantly out of earshot of the main road at West Runton, close to Sheringham. Open all the year, it attracts, in autumn and winter, a small but growing section of the community who have discovered that this section of the Norfolk coast can be mild and sunny, even in January.

Writing of mildness, I hear that Tresanton, that exceptionally nice hotel at St. Mawes, in South Cornwall, is, for the first time I believe, remaining open this coming winter. First class in every way, I am sure standards will not be reduced even though prices will be. Certainly a place to make note of.

But I am digressing. It is late summer and autumn that is this week's main theme. Apart from the obvious attractions of the seaboards, there will be some who would prefer a part of the country that they may have visited before but never thoroughly explored. Recently my wife and I found ourselves on the summit of Fish Hill, which overlooks far-famed Broadway. A bare half-mile off the main road brought us to a small twelve-bedroom hotel, The Dormy House, which, as its name suggests, is adjacent to the nine-hole Broadway golf course. We told Miss Holt and Miss Mackay that Dormy House only told a part of the story. It should be named Dormy FARM Hotel, for the building, once a farmhouse, still is, if rearing one's own poultry and growing one's own vegetables is an important factor in farm life. A charming hotel for a break from normal routine at any time of the year, for not only do the owners take any amount of trouble in making their visitors comfortable and contented but, some 600 ft. up, the air is bracing and from almost all windows the views are unforgettable.

Three days after, we hit upon, thanks to a hint from one of our readers, a Guest House where any hope of slimming could be abandoned. The house stands on the edge of the Mendip Hills; around it are several acres of ground in which Mr. F. M. Glanfield keeps some 2,000 head of poultry, cows and pigs, while within the sunny and spotlessly clean guest house, Mrs. Glanfield and her daughter (who had done a domestic science training) make full use of the dairy produce without. An attractive house, it is an admirable centre for some days of exploring before the days draw in. The name and address? Inglewood Guest House, Barton Road, Winscombe, Somerset, about ten miles from Weston-super-Mare and five miles from Cheddar.

By a little map-reading, it will almost always be found that busy traffic-congested main roads can be avoided and a case in point is the A.38 which runs from Birmingham through Worcester, Gloucester and on to Bristol. It is a wicked road so far as heavy traffic is concerned. Space does not permit to plot here an alternative route over the whole of the distance but make a note next time you may be heading westward from Gloucester, to steer for Painswick, Stroud and then branch off on to the B.4066 which brings one out on to the A.38 near Berkeley Road. About a mile farther on, turn off right and, thankfully for you, you will leave the swirl of traffic for the sleepy township of Berkeley, where you will find a small, simple and comfortable inn managed by a Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Smith and under the direction of the directorate of The Lygon Arms, Broadway. This eleven-bedroomed inn is not only a quiet retreat from the highway but is convenient for the Severn Wild Fowl Trust at Sharpness, lies almost in the shadow of Berkeley Castle (open to the public), and from it a course can be plotted via Alveston through to Clifton, avoiding the centre of Bristol, and taking you over the Clifton Suspension Bridge westwards.

Monaco by Wilson

EVENING — and one by one men are turning out the lights on their working day. Tonight, quietly at home or gaily abroad, they are once again husbands, hosts, friends among friends. Those who have learned to savour each moment of their leisure hours will crown contentment with a glass (or two) of **Dewar's "White Label".**

It never varies

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